

DEC 27 1910



# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

No. 2015

[Registered as  
Newspaper.]

DECEMBER 17, 1910

PRICE THREEPENCE



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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazines rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by Messrs. ODHAMS, Limited, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.

Applications referring to advertisements may be addressed to Messrs. ODHAMS, as above.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's, Messrs. Wyman's and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE action of the Attorney-General in endeavouring to prevent a subject from obtaining a decision of a Court of Law on what we have alleged, and what we continue to allege, are encroachments on individual liberty in Form IV., has met with a deserved fate. A strong Court of Appeal has condemned the action of the Attorney-General, and the plaintiff's allegations will be sifted in the usual manner. The extraordinary feature of Radical government is the tyrannical and oppressive manner in which bureaucratic action is sought to be upheld. Even Magna Charta stands in peril of encroachment. The disposition to glorify every official act performed by a Radical Minister leads on to a claim perilously near to the assertion of divine right and immunity from the possibility of error. The action of the Government on Form IV. clearly exemplifies this attitude, and it met with a severe rebuke from so distinguished a judge as Lord Justice Farwell. He pointed out that the question raised was one of the greatest public importance, and that it would be a blot on our system of procedure if there was no way by which a decision on the true limits of inquisition could be obtained by any member of the public. The Radical mind, with its innate partiality for punitive measures and sublime belief in its superiority, declines to allow its smallest action to be called in question. It is illogical and irresponsible almost to the degree of the woman's profession of faith—"Hoc volo; sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas." The aggrieved subject is informed in a lofty manner: "It is our act, so, of course, it is right. We have appointed a penalty for non-feasance which we shall inflict. If you think—poor ignorant creature—that we can possibly be wrong, you can proceed when you have been mulcted in the penalty." Lord Chief Justice Farwell, who does not owe his eminence to political preferment, observed that "It had always been the practice of law officers of the Crown to throw no difficulty in the way of proceedings for the purpose of bringing important matters before the courts of justice, and he hoped that salutary practice would be resumed." Ministerial responsibility, he pointed out, was now little more than

"the shadow of a name," and in consequence the Courts of Law were "the only defence of the liberties of the subject against departmental aggression." Scathing words, but true words. Whether they will have any extensive effect on Radical methods may be questioned. There was another complaint by the plaintiff in the case of Dyson v. the Attorney-General. The officer chosen by a beneficent administration to receive the answers to their inquisitorial questions, and so to be able to make himself master of everybody's private affairs, was the village blacksmith; excellent, no doubt, as a blacksmith, but of indifferent qualifications as a father confessor.

The dulllest General Election on record is gradually drawing to a melancholy close. It will pass unmourned by a single living soul throughout the country, except, perhaps, the bill-posters and political cartoonists. It started off in a perfect furore of excitement. Never has the press of London made such efforts to insure results reaching the populace at the earliest possible moment. In Trafalgar Square the mighty Nelson looked down on at least four huge white sheets which detailed the contest in county and borough. At the angle formed by the Strand, Fleet Street, and Aldwych, the *Evening Times*, the *Daily Mail*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* had each its own screen and bioscope. Here, as in Trafalgar Square, huge crowds—according to the press the largest on record—assembled nightly between the hours of nine p.m. and midnight to watch the kaleidoscopic changes as Unionist and Liberal, Nationalist or Labour candidate gained the coveted letters M.P. or passed into temporary oblivion. Loud cheers, which prevented peaceful citizens from obtaining any slumber until nearly one a.m., rent the air as the partisans of either side cheered or howled at the victory or defeat of their champions. One of the most impressive sights of all was to be seen in the Strand, where the enterprising *Evening Times* had erected its screen on the waste land awaiting the erection of the Palace of French Art and Industry. It exactly faced the statue of Gladstone, and through the gathering gloom the Grand Old Man seemed to be peering over the heads of the crowds and following with keen interest the ebb and flow of victory and defeat. Which side would he have supported at this crisis?

But this state of animation only lasted for the first three days. Now all is changed. No cheering crowds watch the screens, no longer is traffic in some of the principal thoroughfares made impassable, and the screens soaked with rain reflect dimly to the belated pedestrian hastening homewards the constant repetition of "no change," "no change." Directly it became evident that the battle would be a drawn one, popular interest at once sank to vanishing point. The public realise the sad, unpalatable truth that two millions of money badly needed for other purposes has been wantonly thrown away, that the business of the nation has been sadly deranged, and that all this inconvenience has been caused to no purpose.

The *Sporting Life* well sums up the situation. Ever since the commencement of the election it has had a series of excellent caricatures of Balfour and Asquith, supported by their seconds, contending in the prize ring for the British Heavy-Weight Championship. Underneath, couched in sporting parlance, is the story of each round, as day by day the results come in. But now at the ninth round the series has come to a summary close. John Bull, the referee, is represented stepping into the ring and stopping the contest by disqualifying both principals on the ground that the fight is a fake. John Redmond is posing in the

centre of the ring and claiming the Championship. This apt simile well sums up the position. On December 17 the last of the county polls will be declared, and then the nation can devote itself to the pleasures of Christmas and forget its political troubles, at least until Parliament meets in February.

On Saturday last, during the debate on the Budget in the Reichstag, the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, made an important statement on Germany's relations with the Powers. He dealt at considerable length with the proposed understanding between England and Germany on the limitation of naval armaments. He declared that the British Government had repeatedly referred to the matter in vague "pourparlers," but that as no definite proposals had ever been put forward the matter had never got beyond the stage of vague indefinite discussion, but he continued: "The very continuance of such an exchange of views gives evidence of the friendly intentions prevailing on either side." We do not believe any proposals for the limitations of armaments practical at the present time, and regard these vague "pourparlers" rather as the only means Governments have of satisfying the peace-at-any-price elements in their majorities. The Chancellor also declared that the "spectre of German invasion was fading in England." Here we agree with him. If Germany is going to do us harm in the future it will not be by landing troops on our shores, it will be by a general blockade of these islands after she has gained the mastery of our fleet and the command of the sea. But she is a long way from accomplishing that Herculean task. We shall go on in the future just as we have in the past, namely, building ships against one another until the breaking point is reached, and to avoid bankruptcy we shall be driven to go to war and settle the supremacy of the ocean once and for all. It is the duty of the Unionist party to see that the Government are not blinded by the soft soap rubbed into their eyes by the doubtless well-meaning and peace-loving Chancellor. If we keep our fleet up to strength Germany will not be encouraged to compete with us, but if we go to sleep, or show any slackening in the pace, why then it is a direct incentive to Germany to make a determined spurt.

## THE RETURN

Why are your eyes like dead men's eyes,  
And the cold eyelids scored with pain?  
*For lack of golden autumn skies  
And sight of meadows after rain.*

Why are your fingers stiff and spare,  
And chill as marble polished?  
*For lack of smoothing children's hair  
Or touching aught but what is dead.*

Your voice is as the wind that bends  
The withered rushes on the marsh.  
*Long exile from the voice of friends  
And too much wailing made it harsh.*

Your feet are travel-stained, and torn  
By rugged ways, and wasted sore.  
*From wandering over moors forlorn  
And leagues of solitary shore.*

*An outcast in a land forgot,  
Clothed with dead hopes, with sorrows shod,  
I seek for rest and find it not,  
Fallen from the memory of God.*

M. D. A.

## BURY ST. ASQUITH

MR. ASQUITH, speaking at Bury St. Edmunds in measured language, finally cut the painter and drifted from the moorings of responsible and respectable Liberalism. The Prime Minister has now formally interred every principle to which he held when he was one of the elect of Liberal Imperialism. It is a new instance of an old lesson. The invertebrate Girondin is bound to go down before the Jacobin onslaught. The dramatic suddenness of the complete overthrow of the principles of a life-time was not unforeseen by those who were able to forecast with some approach to accuracy the result of the General Election. From the housetops it was shouted that the will of the people should prevail. The Prime Minister, by decreeing a General Election on the old register, adopted a course which manifestly defeated that aim. The will of the people would have been ascertained by an election on the new register.

With their habitual aversion to coming to grips with the people, the Radical-Socialist party, obeying their master's voice, took a course which disfranchised all the new voters.

We have reason to believe that the decision—palpably unnecessary—to rush the election, although it had the appearance of being hasty, had in reality been carefully planned three months before. The unholy alliance were all aware of the move, and their organisations were preparing underground for the surprise election.

The Tories, in their usual guilelessness, could not bring themselves to believe that such an outrage on new voters would actually be perpetrated. They slept quietly in their beds whilst the train was laid. Suddenly it was fired, and the Tory expectation that the new voters would redress the balance of the old was blown to smithereens.

What perfidy! Unionists exclaimed. Who would have believed such a trick on the people could be perpetrated by Mr. Asquith? There was the miscalculation. Saint Asquith is buried—not, indeed, decently or with holy rite, but with no possibility of resuscitation. He has sold himself for the almighty dollar, and is the slave of the twin allies—Disruption and Anarchy.

"Lucri bonus est ordo ex re qualibet."

It is something to remain Prime Minister even on such terms.

After the exposure which, acting on definite knowledge, we have offered of the trick of the election, is it not an example of effrontery on the part of Mr. Asquith to go to Stowmarket, and thus deliver himself?

Shall the people, through their elected representatives, be supreme for legislation, as they are now for finance and foreign policy?

Elected representatives! They are elected, no doubt. American-Fenian ex-dynamiters, and a carefully gerrymandered electorate are the pure sources from which flow the coalition's honours. They have no mandate, even so, but they can continue to use such prefixes as "Right honourable," continue to draw fat salaries, and bask in the sunshine of adulation which very ignorant people think is the meed of all who affix the magic letters "M.P." after their names.

It is evident that the Prime Minister has not entirely emancipated himself from the glamour of his recollection of his early flirtation with the Referendum. Every other profession of faith has gone by the board. The fascination of the Referendum lingers:—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Thus Mr. Asquith, with tears in his voice, declared at Bury St. Edmunds. The Referendum "is an instrument which I do not rule out as not being capable of possible and even useful application on some rare but conceivable



occasion." The representatives of the shillelagh and the leek must interview Mr. Asquith. No doubt he is quite open to peaceable persuasion. How is Ireland to have Home Rule as a lightning turn if there is any pother about the Referendum? What was the good of Mr. Lloyd George at Carnarvon explaining elaborately in fluent Welsh that gallant little Wales would never get Disestablishment, and above all Disendowment, if the Referendum were an operative weapon? Clearly the Prime Minister must be seen, and the matter put right.

The main fact which emerges is that the old-register election dodge has failed. Even Mr. Churchill is bleating words of peace. At Parkstone, after referring to the Coronation of the King, Mr. Churchill offered a plea for the recognition "of the deep and fundamental unities which underlie the clamorous conflicts of British national life." He uttered a pious hope that all bitterness and strife should cease, and the lion should cultivate excellent relations of amity with the lamb. Mr. Churchill's peroration was thus:—"This is my hope, and I say it because the time has come when such words should be said." Oh! the potency of those polls! They are worth many guineas a declaration. Even Pistol is desirous of ceasing to act as understudy to Fluellen!

If patriotism reigned, if conciliation, compromise, and sweet reasonableness reigned, the situation would be easy of adjustment. Leaving the forces of disorder out of account, neither of the great parties can claim that they have received an unequivocal vote of confidence. Public opinion is fluid. It has given no mandate for adventure, and none certainly for violence. It is not satisfied with the existing political position, but it is not profoundly dissatisfied with it. In these circumstances, if all were for the State, co-operation between the elements of moderation would not be impracticable, and sober, practical, and beneficial service to the best interests of the country might be achieved. No more elusive vision ever occurred, we fear, to the fanciful mind of Sir Thomas More than the mere suggestion of the realisation of such an aspiration.

## SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE ELECTION

Now that the elections are drawing to a close it seems apparent that the parties will return to the House of Commons in identically the same numbers as at the dissolution three weeks ago. This proves conclusively that the people of England are determined to show their dissatisfaction with an obsolete party system which saddles them with two general elections within a year. We do not propose in this article to deal with what is likely to happen in the future. Events are at present on the knees of the gods, and it is doubtful whether any of the responsible leaders, either of the Government or of the Opposition, have any clear idea as to what the solution of the problem will be. The one outstanding fact is this: as both parties stand where they stood three weeks ago neither can claim any fresh mandate either for or against the Veto Bill. Both sides profess to be eminently satisfied with the result; but if one compares the optimistic tone of the press of both parties before the election commenced with the more doleful note which pervades the pens of the leader writers at the present time, there seems little doubt that both are somewhat disappointed. The Government hoped to increase their majority by a speedy election which would confuse the minds of the people and prevent them from assimilating the alternative policy for the Reform of the House of Lords put forward by Lord Lansdowne. They also relied on the old register materially to assist them; and this it has undoubtedly done. The

superior organisation of the Liberal agents enabled them, forewarned as they doubtless were, to trace removals with greater facility than their opponents.

On the other hand, the Unionist leaders hoped to gain a number of seats held for the Liberal cause by very small majorities in January last. This we failed to do, and again London has let us down badly.

It was hoped that Mr. Balfour's declaration on Tariff Reform and the Referendum would win over a sufficient number of wavering spirits to turn the scale in many constituencies. Whether the declaration had the effect of retaining Unionist seats, which would otherwise have been lost, it is, of course, impossible to say, but as a weapon of offence it proved a singular failure. The cause is not far to seek. The declaration came too late to be fully appreciated and understood by the vast mass of the electorate, and, personally, we are inclined to think that in some constituencies it weakened the Unionist cause, because, coming when it did, the pronouncement savoured somewhat of a death-bed repentance, or at least as a bribe held out to catch votes. We think Mr. Bonar Law, for instance, has a legitimate cause for complaint. He gave up a safe seat at Dulwich to carry the flag of Tariff Reform into the enemy's stronghold at Manchester, and then had the wind completely taken out of his sails by the promise of the Referendum.

The election has done absolutely nothing to assist the solution of the Constitutional crisis. It leaves the parties exactly where they were before, and the task is now once more in the hands of the leaders. They must find some middle course which the Conference sought for in vain, and which, if not agreeable to the extremists, will at least provide a *modus vivendi*, and thus enable the nation to settle down peacefully to business, and Parliament to the enactment of useful and necessary legislation. We believe that the time has come for the Conference to sit again with good prospects of arriving at an equitable and honourable understanding. At the last Conference, apart from the inherent difficulties of the issues involved, the representatives of both sides doubtless had at the back of their minds the vague hope that a victory might be snatched at the polls, and therefore were less inclined to meet each other half way. This time the Eight would assemble under no such illusions. They have a clear, definite, and final message from the country to compromise at all costs.

Nothing was more marked throughout the election than the extraordinary apathy which prevailed on both sides. It was impossible even for the favourite orators to stir their audiences to that state of wild enthusiasm which marked the elections of a year ago. It was impossible to get the local workers, upon whom so much depends, to take any sustained interest in their task. The smallness of the polls shows clearly that a very large percentage of both parties is weary of party politics, and does not intend further to answer the summons of the party fuglemen. The battle cries used so effectively at the last election were received in silence or excited derision at this. The old bogies failed to scare, for the stuffing was too apparent through their withered seams. The wild Limehouse tirades against the tyranny of the peers fell on deaf ears. Splendid perorations on the dangers of Home Rule, instead of being greeted by the frantic applause of patriotic citizens, were received in silence almost amounting to apathy. The very posters, so admired twelve months ago, gathered no partisan crowds by their significance and wit. The coronetted peer, groaning under the land taxes, the inmates of the cottage ruined by Free Trade, and the red-hot Socialist pining for his neighbour's patrimony, side by side on the same hoarding, gazed sympathetically at one another, with

compromise written on every feature of countenances which a year ago seemed to breathe naught but anathema and hate.

The mass of literature with which the country has been pasted from Land's End to John o' Groats has been absolutely thrown away. It is doubtful whether a single vote was turned by this means. Speaker after speaker on both sides tells the same story of a lack of enthusiasm among the audiences, no matter what the subject under discussion. Two millions of money have disappeared in disseminating paper, paste, and platitudes. The one bright feature of the election has been the partial conversion of Lancashire to the gospel of Protection. Tariff Reform is still the only live issue before the public at the present day. The next election, whenever it comes, will be fought out on this issue. All this goes to prove that the character of the British people has changed but little since the day when Napoleon contemptuously dubbed us a nation of shopkeepers. We are a nation of shopkeepers, and also of moderate men. The average Englishman is not to be carried off his feet and swept away by sudden spasms of revolutionary tendency, as is his Gallic ally.

A year ago, for a very short period, a section of the country went temporarily mad over their fancied grievances against the tyranny of the House of Lords. But the oratory of Limehouse only acquired a hold which was skin deep on the masses, and now all the invective, fairy tales, and music-hall patter of Mr. Lloyd George and his satellites cannot convince Britons that they are slaves. Poor Mr. Ure, who a year ago succeeded in arousing the well-merited jealousy of Ananias, has hardly been heard of during the last three weeks. He has passed into oblivion, doubtless to remain there until his fertile imagination has evolved some new scheme for leading his followers from the paths of truth. We maintain that if this election proves anything at all, it is that the country wants a settlement on moderate lines. The English business instinct is again asserting itself, and this is the most healthy sign of the times.

The very large turnover of votes in Lancashire in favour of Tariff Reform proves that the mill hands are far more interested in what affects their pockets than in abstruse academic discussions on the future of the Constitution. Now is the time for the moderate men on both sides to assert themselves. Woe betide the party which, trying to get too much, again hurls the country into the turmoil of another General Election. We believe that the people will round on them, rend them to pieces, and send the party that can give them peace back to office with an enormous majority. The voice of the people has spoken, and it is for the leaders to take warning. It is no use ignoring the writing on the wall; the side which does so will rue the day. We cannot say what the future will bring forth; 1911 is the year of George V.'s Coronation. Cannot some settlement be arrived at before then?

The Conservative Party stands the one united homogeneous element in the House. As long as it remains undivided and presents a firm front to the common foe no revolution can possibly be brought about by a Coalition, the component elements of which have no love for one another, but only hold together from a common desire to obtain different ends by the sacrifice of political morality. But while it is the bounden duty of the Unionist Party to present a determined front towards revolutionary changes in the Constitution, and towards any attempt at the disintegration of the Empire, its policy must be guided by a spirit of sweet reasonableness. The time has come for both sides to jettison a large portion of their old fly-blown cargo of prejudice, and to furl the battle flags of twenty years ago. A change has come over the country, and it is hopeless for Parliament to retain the respect of the nation unless it is prepared to recognise the new spirit which animates the

electorate. The country clamours for peace; there is room for Peace with Honour. These desperate, internecine struggles are of no value to the nation. Our rivals are watching us with eager eyes. They are wondering if we have lost that profound sense of political equity which has been the admiration of Europe in the past. We have been often threatened with revolution, but as often revolution has been dissipated into thin air directly the Englishman of average common-sense has had time to sit down and think matters over. Our counsel is this: Let the Conference once more assemble between now and the opening of Parliament, and we believe that a solution could be found which, if it did not meet with the favour of the extremists and political adventurers of both sides, who love to fish in troubled waters, would at least satisfy the vast mass of the people who earn their living by the sweat of their brow.

## A TALK WITH YOSHIO MARKINO

"A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON."

Reported by FRANK HARRIS.

THE book of Yoshio Markino, "A Japanese Artist in London," has already been reviewed in these columns. I need not, therefore, describe it; but it interested me to curiosity, quickened my desire to know the writer. Markino's undisguised contempt for business men and business methods, and the greed of the trading classes in England, and especially in America, filled me with hope that I might be able through him to get to know something of that elusive spirit, the soul of Japan. The other day I met Yoshio Markino at lunch, and found my hopes fulfilled—more than fulfilled, indeed—so that the delight of knowledge is again turned to disquietude. If there are many men in Japan like Yoshio Markino, the supremacy of the white race is nothing more than a chance survival, an instance of our vain self-love.

Let me try and show the man. Yoshio Markino is about five feet five in height, broadly and sturdily built, with a large, round head well set on a full neck; the forehead is spacious, wide, and high; the nose a true aquiline, broad and strong at base, beak-like, hard above; the mouth sensitive, the lips fleshy, but well defined; the brown eyes are large, but to us a little bead-like, inexpressive; the skin sallow, yellow, but not darker than that of many Italians and Spaniards. He shakes hands eagerly; his eyes meet one fairly; the whole face breaks willingly into smiles and laughter; at once he is boyish, young ingenuous. A second glance shows a little black moustache growing sparsely; here and there a white hair in it already. Markino is thirty-five years old—altogether a transparently frank, good-humoured, forceful, and intelligent personality. His English speech is a veil to the soul. He does not talk of Mr. John Bull or Mrs. Bulless, as in his book; he has a very considerable command indeed of English, and his pronunciation is excellent, but, of course, he does not use the speech as a master or as one born to it. If, therefore, his extraordinary intelligence comes to light continually in what he says in English, it is because he himself is extraordinarily intelligent. So far as I am able to judge—and I have given some trouble to the matter—his insight is astonishing, his intelligence, with all deductions made, uncanny, almost frightening. There is no denying that Yoshio Markino has the seeing eye of genius.

Something was said apropos of which I quoted Voltaire's simile that the English were like their own beer—froth on top, dregs at bottom, excellent stuff in the middle. I did not agree with it; indeed, I disagreed with it absolutely; but I was astonished to find Markino voicing my very thought.

"In England," he said, "I like the best classes and the lowest: they are both frank and natural and kindly; quite polite, too, as a rule. On the other hand, the middle classes are stupid, greedy, and hypocritical: I hate them."



"Is that why you hate Americans?" I asked, "because they again are our middle and trading classes writ large, without any leavening of the poor man's knowledge of suffering or the aristocrat's sense of duty and honour."

"The hypocrisy, the Christian hypocrisy," Markino continued, "is far worse in America than in England. When I used to say in San Francisco that I was not a Christian, they used to turn from me as if I had said I was decaying. It is an ignorant, thoughtless people."

I ventured to hint that in America, too, there was a remnant, as Matthew Arnold called it, a select class, some of whom were to be found in every town, even in the West: a few scattered folk who love the things of the intellect with a profound and disinterested love. Even among American politicians there are always half a dozen New England senators who in intelligence and character are the peers of any rulers in the world. Markino looked at me, but his eyes turned inwards meditatively: I had not even interested him. A little while later he began to talk to us of his visit to the little towns in Northern Italy—Orvieto, Ravenna, Assisi, Florence, and Siena.

"The primitives were great artists," he said, "they built beautiful cities, made beautiful pictures."

"Did you like the Italians?" one asked.

"I find both the French and Italians very amiable," he said; "polite and kind, not rude and offensive like the Americans."

"But did you find them very intelligent?" another probed.

"It seems to me," he said, with a little deprecating smile, "that they are not so intelligent as the Japanese; but then, you see, I don't know their language. They easily reach a certain level of intelligence, and there they stop. It seems as if they could not get any higher. On the other hand, the Northern European races are less intelligent as a rule, but the best among you English do not seem to have limits to your intelligence. The Southern races do not appear to be able to go beyond reason; yet there is a large tract beyond reason."

I could not help smiling: "There is certainly a large tract beyond reason." Could any criticism of the logic and lucidity and limitations of the Latin peoples be more incisive or truer than this, that they easily apprehend everything that is reasonable, but are a little blind to what lies beyond reason? A casual word brought out another fine thought. A lady admitted that she always felt shy and nervous with strangers. One asked Markino for his confession.

"I'm always glad to meet strangers," he said, frankly; "they are new and interesting. Then, too, I always hope they will be wonderful, like gods, and I shall learn a great deal. The soul grows when one is with better people, does it not?" and the eyes were eager-quick.

"You must often be disappointed?"

"Oh, often, often," he acknowledged. "People are usually stupid, prejudiced, dull; but I always hope. Hope is one's life, don't you think?" and he smiled inscrutably.

We then began talking about his book, but he did not seem to care about it.

"It is a young book," he said. "I will do better in my next."

"You will write better," I admitted, "but will you have better illustrations?"

"Oh, much, much better," he cried. "I shall have four colours, not three; I want one of Indian ink. Do you remember my picture of Earl's Court Station? It is too colourful and glaring, garish. I want to throw over it a grey veil, which I could have got with a little Indian ink—the muddy grey of the London atmosphere, which is, so to speak, a half-transparent, dirty veil. Then I want finer

screens, too, in the reproductions. Oh, I shall get much better illustrations; and then, I am a better artist now." And he laughed. "Not so bad an artist, I mean. I am learning every day, finding new effects, able to render more nearly what I see. In time the hand may get as cunning as the eye. Then one will do one's best; then, too," he added, "one will be finished."

The light died out of the brown eyes, and they became as unexpressive and dull as beads.

"What do you think of English women?" someone asked.

"Oh, charming," he replied; "very, very pretty, and kind, too, though a little stand-off at first."

"Why do you call them charming?" one asked.

"I will tell you," he said. "The French and Italian women are always women. They are always conscious of their sex—at least, it seems so to me; you know what I mean. But you cannot approach all women with admiration and love; you want to meet some women as a friend. Well, you can be friends with an English girl—just good friends and nothing more; they will not misunderstand you; just as I have friends in Japan among my friends' wives and daughters. This pleasant, kindly relation seems much rarer in France and Italy, don't you think?"

"Uncanny" is the word for his insight.

"You are becoming an Englishman," one told him.

"Oh, I love England," he replied. "All the things I disliked at first I like now. The fogs which used to make me shiver are now the most beautiful things in the world to me: they have mystery in them, and the lights stream through them like jewels haloed with colour. A gaslight shining on a wet pavement in a fog is a miracle of beauty; it is like a pool of molten gold set in gun-metal."

"Tell us," said another, "of Japan and the Japanese women. Have you the new woman there yet?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, laughing; "of course, we have. There are women who say they will no longer be pinned to the home; they will live their own lives; they want liberty and rule; and we have the young men, too, who want to be Western, and will not wear the clothes of their fathers; youths who think the breech-loading rifle far better than the sword of the Samurai. Oh yes, we, too, have many strange peoples. Japan is in a ferment, but it is beginning to clear; the war cleared it. We are no longer unduly apprehensive." The sentence is a ray of white light.

"What do you think of Lafcadio Hearn?" someone asked.

"I do not understand him very well," replied Markino. "But then, I read very little. I have so much to do with my own work. But he is very, what you call profound, is he not? When we study another race and another language we all find partly what is there and partly what is in ourselves. He is really not Japanese, but Christian, too, is Lafcadio Hearn." His accent was contemptuous.

"Do you find us all Christians?" I asked.

"All," he said, with a little shrug of his shoulders, which was intensely expressive; "all English more or less Christians: those even who don't believe in the creed have some reverence for it. You all talk the jargon. The world is black and white to you, good and evil. But it is not black and white to the artist or to the intelligent. We have got beyond good and evil, have we not?" and he turned questioning, smiling eyes, radiant now, though not luminous, as if he had reached the unexpected, to the zenith, and felt at home in the higher air.

"One does not talk of a triangle as good or of a square as evil," I agreed.

"That is it," he cried; "that is just what I mean. We are beyond good and evil: is it not true? They are childish, meaningless terms."

"Did you ever study Christianity?" was the next question.

"Four long years I studied it," he protested. "Oh, I tried so hard to be a Christian; but it was impossible for me, quite impossible. It did not seem sensible to me, but silly. It was not reasonable," and his eyes questioned me.

"A little while ago," I retorted, "you talked of the supremacy of those races which easily got beyond reason. Then why blame Christianity for getting beyond reason? It is not contrary to reason, but beyond reason, like your ancestor-worship in Japan, your belief that the spirits of your forefathers chide you for cowardly, selfish impulses, and urge you on to high deeds and contempt of death."

"True, true," he cried, "it is quite true; but because I am a Japanese, that belief seems to me beyond reason in a noble sense, whereas Christianity seems to me beyond reason in a mean sense."

"How about your creed of honour, your Bushido?" I asked, laying the stress on the penultimate and pronouncing it Bushido.

"Oh, you mean Bussidó," he replied. "Bussidó is beautiful; that gives us the sense of honour and contempt of consequence, courage to bear and dare all things to death and beyond. Bussidó is the soul of Japan."

"But did you want to fight and kill the Russians?" one asked. "They, too, are very good people, and you began the war a little unfairly; you gave no warning."

"The fighter has to fight," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. Clearly the moral view did not interest him.

"But why do you fight those you do not hate?"

"That is it," he retorted. "I don't hate you, but I could kill you. Life is cheap. What is the death of one? Contempt of suffering and death, that is Bussidó: that is the soul of the Japanese. It is beyond reason, is it not? And beyond right and wrong, too. Is it not true?"

"True, indeed," I nodded, "'and pity 'tis 'tis true.'"

Yet one thing is certain: the rise of Japan among the peoples is the greatest moral event that has taken place on this globe since the coming of Christ.

## GERMANY AS SHE IS—VI.

In the present article it is proposed to continue the study of the German character, and to describe some phases of the social life. As mentioned in a former article, one of the most marked traits of the race is sentimentalism, as expressed by the word *schwärmerei*, this word hardly permits of exact translation but denotes sentimental phantasy. German literature is permeated with it; Goethe's "Werther" being, perhaps, the *non plus ultra* of hyper-sensitive sentimentality. The women of the empire are familiar with the classics of literature and musical drama, and taking an example therefrom, seek in their commonplace lives for heroes to light up the dreariness of the daily round. The average German knows his national literature well. The plays of Schiller and Lessing, to mention only two examples, are constantly played, and are not allowed to stand, forgotten, on the shelves of libraries.

It may be mentioned in passing that Shakespeare is also frequently played, and all educated Germans are well acquainted with the works of this, the greatest of all, masters. The Shakespeare plays are well staged and acted, the beautiful lines being uttered as if they flowed from the mouths of living persons, and not in that tone of artificial declamation which has crept into performances of Shakespeare as given on the English stage. It is surely a shame and dishonour to England that she possesses no national

Shakespeare theatre in London, her chief city, and that Shakespeare's plays are so seldom and inadequately staged. In the chief German towns no week passes without a Shakespeare representation, and the theatres are crowded although it is only to hear a translation of the great master's verse.

A higher intellectual standard undoubtedly prevails in the great Teutonic Empire, and this must be attributed to the superior educational system. In Munich, the intellectual standard is particularly high; the interests of the Munichener extending over all the broad fields of the arts and of science. In the Germany of to-day there is a marked tendency to have theories with elaborate rules on every subject. Even the softer sentiments hitherto supposed to be so unreasoning in their action, are analysed and ticketed. This profound respect for rules and technique is doing much to injure German art. While recognising the necessity for highly-developed technique, it should not be forgotten that the greatest artistic creations all bear the impress of spontaneous inspiration. Better would it be to escape from the dreary dungeons of theory, to wander in the autumn up the valley of the Tsar, with the dry and dying leaves spread like a carpet of gold beneath the feet—a carpet of gold sown with purple and red. Where the trees in their autumn bareness cast a shadow of gentle melancholy across the way; and where nothing is to be heard save the cry of the birds, and the music of the olive-coloured waters of the Tsar. To wander over the moors breathing in the pine-scented wind as it blows in refreshing gusts down from the snows of the mountains.

The appearance of the average German is extremely middle-class and material. He nearly always runs to fat and is apt to assume a look of beer-sodden restfulness. He is also very negligent of his personal appearance. In the opera house of a great town like Munich, for example, few are to be seen in evening clothes, and most are in work-soiled garments. The women, as well, have a cloudy and primitive appearance, and imitate in vain the chic of the ladies of Vienna and Paris. Both men and women are entirely lacking in grace; their gestures being heavy and primitive as their figures. The towns abound in beer houses and cafés, where large parties of both sexes sit in a smoke-laden atmosphere and solemnly drink large quantities of beer. At first these parties are animated, if such a term may be applied to Germans, but as the fumes of beer do their work, the figures become heavy and conversation dies away. There they sit hour after hour; the men grouped together like the gods of ancient Germany carousing over their cups, and the women sitting apart half-timid and half-admiring spectators of their menfolk. This primitive separation of the sexes is to be observed even in the higher ranks of society, where great simplicity of manner and dress combined with almost mediæval respect for nobility prevail.

The more one travels in Germany the more one is struck by the contrast to English extravagance and generosity. Here the patient "Haus frau" counts herself happy when by organisation and skill she saves a few pence. And one humble, dirty, but profoundly industrious, servant girl performs prodigies of labour for insignificant wages. Three English servants would hardly do the equal of her work. The German always looks after the pence, and lives on the whole much more economically and cheaply than the Englishman. He saves largely through his consumption of beer, which is general among all classes. Where the Englishman spends some 5s. on a bottle of wine or 1s. on a whisky and soda, the German pays 1½d. for a tankard of beer, which serves at once to satisfy his thirst and appetite. There can be little doubt, however, that in the course of time



the Germans will become much more extravagant in their tastes. This is, indeed, already to be seen in Berlin. But centuries of poverty have deeply stamped the spirit of economy on the race. In the seventeenth century the land was wasted by the Thirty Years War. In the eighteenth the extortions and misgovernment of countless lay and ecclesiastical princes kept the people in a state of poverty. Then came Napoleon's campaigns in Germany with all their attendant miseries, and then fifty years more of misgovernment and extortion.

In 1870 the new Empire was constituted and extraordinary industrial development followed. But this called for capital, and capital is savings. So that, since 1870, the nation has had to save in order to provide capital for its growing industries. The large international loans are seldom, if ever, floated in Germany, almost always in London or Paris. As was seen in the case of the recent Turkish loan, Germany has not sufficient spare capital to meet such demands. Germany was looked upon until quite recently as a happy land for those who wished to live cheaply. But high taxes necessary to meet the enormous expenditure on armaments have raised prices. The scarcity of meat, also, produced by the high tariff wall, has been a factor in the rise of the cost of living, in South Germany the poor being almost prevented from eating meat owing to the highness of its price.

In the relations of the sexes the woman is expected to take rather a dependent position. The spirit which prompts the women of England to dash themselves against solid phalanxes of policemen and to break cabinet ministers' windows is quite unknown. The mediæval Teutonic idea that the woman should minister to her lord still prevails. The spirit of Frankish and Celtic chivalry as expressed in the Arthurian legend and in the songs of the troubadour, where the woman was adored and served, is foreign to the German. He expects rather unbounded devotion and faithfulness on the woman's part. Among the German women, whom travel and leisure have permitted to develop a more refined sensibility and culture, it is common to hear complaints of the primitive manners of the men. There are, of course, countless exceptions to these rules, but in a short article we can only generalise and point out the prevailing characteristics of the race. The Germans are devoid of esprit, in the French sense of the word, but have a sort of good-humoured kindness which makes it impossible not to like them. It must not be forgotten that Germany is made up of many different states, differing widely from one another in their manners and customs. The Prussians, Hanoverians, and other North Germans, are stiff and formal. They have been chilled by a long period of military despotism into rigid uniformity. The Saxons, on the other hand, are friendly and voluble, while the Bavarians are also free and easy-going in their manners. And then there is the Rhineland, with its fairy castles and terraced vineyards. The land of wine and song. Here the people seem to be of a different breed; they are merry and more sympathetic. Their very language loses the usual harsh guttural clang, and is spoken with a soft, hissing accent.

While art may, perhaps, find its ablest exponents in the South, it is in North Germany that we must look for the makers of history. In Berlin, from whence the great Empire is governed; in Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck, from whence German ships spread German wares to the uttermost parts of the globe; in Kiel and Bremerhaven, where the great fleet has its headquarters; and in the great coal and iron centres of the north, where thousands of factory chimneys pant forth clouds of black smoke in the rush of industrial competition.

Munich, Dec. 10, 1910.

S. A. B.

## REVIEWS

### BOOKSELLERS AND ROMANCE

*The Romance of Bookselling: A History from the Earliest Times to the Twentieth Century.* By FRANK A. MUMBY, with a Bibliography by W. H. PEET. (Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.)

It is difficult for us to realise in these days that the printed book was once a rare thing, produced by the patient labour of two or three persons, handled reverently, and sold at a price "equal to the cost of three fat oxen." We are so accustomed to the glowing piles of papers and novels that fill the station bookstalls all over the kingdom and greet our eyes at every street corner, that such a state of affairs is almost inconceivable, and leaves us lost in wonder at what people did with their spare time. For the moment we forget that there was no gas, no electric light, no temptation to sit up late; there were no tubes and trains; therefore, we might almost argue, no magazines. The diffusion of learning, even of information, was a risky calling in those far-off times, and was by no means free from danger in a period not so very remote from our own. Under Charles I., as Mr. Mumby notes in this most interesting record of "The Trade," authors and publishers were harassed unmercifully. Prynne, the Puritan, who dared to attack stage plays and acting, was imprisoned, together with his publisher, fined £5,000, degraded from the bar, put in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, had his ears cropped, and saw his books burnt under his very nose, so that the fumes almost suffocated him. He had plenty of pluck, however, for he managed to publish another objectionable volume. This cost him a second fine of £5,000, the loss of what remained of his ears, and the mutilation of both cheeks with the letters "S.L."—"scurrilous libeller." One can hardly believe such things of the seventeenth century in England!

In a charming manner, and with a style which is unexceptionable, Mr. Mumby traces the history of bookselling from the very earliest times down to the present day. "The Romance of Authorship" or "The Romance of Publishing" would have been titles almost as suitable, for it is impossible to separate those who wrote the books from those who printed, published, and sold them; therefore readers may imagine what a rare treat is in store for them when this volume falls into their hands. Names of world-wide fame sprinkle its pages from beginning to end; humour, pathos, and tragedy each play a part in the lengthy records. Lucian, referring to the Athenian patrons of his day, waxed very satirical. "You think," he wrote, "that by purchasing a great number of fine books you may be taken for a good scholar. But, on the contrary, you will only make your ignorance the more conspicuous. Not only do you buy the books which are not the best, but you are easily persuaded by the first man who praises the book. . . . If you made your bed on the best copies of the great authors, or were decked in manuscripts from head to foot, would you be less ignorant than you are?" This satire, we fear, might well apply to some purchasers of the twentieth century, just as certain letters of Froumond, a monk of the tenth century, would be applicable to many who borrow books at the present day. He rebukes a brother monk "for sending back his book in such a condition—crumpled, dirty, and without the map of the world which had been at the beginning." History, indeed, repeats itself, for in the second

century an association was formed of the leading publishers in Rome "for the better protection of their interests in literary property," and by the rules "each member bound himself not to interfere with the undertakings of his fellow-members."

It was about the year 1582, says Mr. Mumby, that the cleavage between the printer and the bookseller began; the printers, worried over the cost of type and other necessary material, compounded with outsiders to sell their wares. Wars in the book world were almost continuous; prison and punishment seem to have been the ordinary portion of any poor fellow who yielded to the promptings of an enterprising spirit. The repute of authorship suffered; "men of letters, who were also men of fashion, long continued to hold themselves aloof from any commercial dealings with mere booksellers, but writing was gradually becoming a none too creditable trade":—

Men could now be lured for a miserable pittance to turn out anything, from one of those noble translations which formed such a feature of the Elizabethan book trade, to controversial pamphlets, or street ballads, the last of which came from the press in quantities so vast that one publisher who specialised in these sheets—Richard Jones by name—entered in the Stationers' Register in 1586 no fewer than 123 at one time.

It was a splendid age, however, for real literature, as all the world knows now. Spenser, known as "the new poet," had given Ponsonby his "Faerie Queene," and of those who immediately preceded or followed him there is no need to speak.

It is curious to note how the centres of the book trade have changed in the lapse of years. In 1600 its headquarters were in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the author has an interesting paragraph on this point:—

Paternoster Row did not take its leading place until the days of Queen Anne, after Little Britain had had its reign and, in its turn, been superseded. Meantime the "Row" was more noted for its mercers, lace-men, haberdashers, and sempstresses than for its publishers, though it began modestly to put in its claim towards the end of the sixteenth century, when we find one or two noted stationers located there. The westward movement started in the reign of James I., when booksellers' shops sprang up here and there along Holborn, and down the Strand towards Charing Cross. Little Britain came to the front towards the middle of the seventeenth century, when London Bridge also had its spell of bookselling popularity, though one stationer, William Pickering, chiefly remembered as a ballad-monger, had a shop there as early as 1557.

The great fire of 1666 caused an appalling loss of books, and wiped out the very heart of the trade in St. Paul's Churchyard; this, and the plague of the previous year, with the drastic censorship of Roger L'Estrange (who caused John Twyn to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for printing a pamphlet entitled "A Treatise on the Execution of Justice") inaugurated a bad time for all concerned in the dissemination of literature.

For many readers the most fascinating portion of this volume will be that which deals with the inception of the great publishing houses whose names are so familiar to us to-day; incidentally, of course, the names of authors just as familiar occur, since the story of one can hardly be told without the story of the other. Thomas Hardy's early work, published by the Tinsleys, met with small success. It seems astonishing that so beautiful a little idyll as "Under the Greenwood Tree" was a miserable failure, as far as financial matters are concerned, at first. William

Tinsley "almost raved about the book," and issued it primarily in two-volume form, next in a "very pretty illustrated one-volume form," and then at the price of two shillings, with paper covers; and yet in no way could he make it a success. "Lorna Doone," too, met with a chilly reception, and the history of many other famous novels is here revealed in a new light. The attempts of various authors to publish for themselves are recorded—the story of Ruskin and William Morris is well known, but Mr. Mumby re-tells it in a very attractive manner; Ruskin's unconventional and arcadian establishment, "planted in the middle of a field" at Orpington, Kent, resulted in the foundation of the business of George Allen, his co-worker and friend. "Even Mrs. Allen did her share in those early days in coping with the orders which came pouring in from all parts of the kingdom, sometimes working with her husband and children until two in the morning, preparing the copies for distribution."

In a lengthy concluding chapter the author sketches the history and development of the famous publishing houses of to-day. Few of us realise, perhaps, how far back lie the beginnings of some of these producers of books; Longmans, for example, "can boast that it has existed intact under eight monarchs. Thomas Longman I. was born as long ago as 1699, while Dryden was still alive and Dr. Johnson as yet unborn." Scott, Wordsworth, Macaulay—whose cheque for £20,000 "on account" of the profits of his "History" is here alluded to—were some of this firm's successes. The house of Murray is another aristocrat of the book world. "Ghosts of many great men," says Mr. Mumby, "haunt the stairs to Mr. Murray's room. . . . The whole place is practically the same as in the memorable spring of 1815, when John Murray II. brought about, in his drawing-room, that 'mighty consummation of the meeting of the two bards,' Byron and Scott"; there stands the very fireplace in which Byron's "Memoirs" were burnt. Smith, Elder, and Co., come next, whose association with Charlotte Brontë is a matter of history, and who were responsible for the establishment, with Frederick Greenwood, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Many other firms are mentioned, and the series of portraits which accompanies this part of the volume adds greatly to its value. Hatchard's, a more purely book-selling business, of course, has several pages, for in the original shop most of the literary men of the nineteenth century at some time or another have gathered to chat, to buy or discuss books, and to leave memories. In fact, Mr. Mumby has treated his magnificent subject in a most capable manner; his tome is a fairly thick one, but it is very difficult to leave off reading, so keenly has he staged his men and arranged his material. An immense amount of research must have gone to its making, and he ought to be proud of his work, for "The Romance of Bookselling" is as fine an achievement, both as regards unflinching interest and considered as a work of reference, as we have seen for a long time.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH

*The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.* By F. FRANKFORT MOORE (Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

*The Poems of Oliver Goldsmith.* With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by HORATIO SHEAFE KRANS, Ph.D., and Photogravures from Original Designs by Frederick Simpson Coburn. (G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 6s. net.)

EXHILARATION and a kind of breathless good-nature are the principal characteristics of this new biography of that



most delightful of Irishmen, Oliver Goldsmith. We are carried forward on a stream of gossip, of good stories, or of gentle sarcasm and enthusiastic eulogy, a stream which runs off into many curious channels, but which comes ever safely to a confluence ready for fresh diversions. In other words, Mr. Frankfort Moore is incurably digressive, but we would not have him otherwise, for his digressions are charming, and he is so thoroughly steeped in his subject that admiration must be ungrudging. If any complaint is to be made, we should express the opinion that he is a trifle too much on the defensive; gentle Oliver Goldsmith hardly needs such a doughty champion. Surely we all love him, and his trustful, generous ways, and, to be done with grumbling, our author is at times excessively dogmatic. The frequent occurrence of such phrases as "We decline to believe," "We may be sure of this," "We do not think," tend to remind us of the classical objection to one who doth "protest too much." And now, having picked our little bone of contention clean, we are free to appreciate Mr. Moore and to accompany him in his wanderings.

The first few pages of the book are concerned with Boswell, of whom, we note, Mr. Moore has no excessively high opinion; the argument is to the effect that the irrepressible hero-worshipper was no fit person to pass judgment on Goldsmith. We heartily agree, and cannot resist quoting a sentence or two at this point:—

When the topic was the foible of a friend, Johnson's treatment of it was termed "goring" by Boswell, and to do Johnson justice he was seldom lethargic when his tormentor flaunted a crimson topic in front of him. His horns were usually ready at the "charge," though occasionally when he had enough of it he got home upon Boswell and sent him into the nearest ditch. But the tore-dor was soon on his feet again, and after wiping off the mud, resumed the attack as if nothing had happened.

It is difficult for us to picture the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—which Mr. Moore terms, with perhaps a shade of exaggeration, "unquestionably the best-loved novel in the language"—as a poor, unkempt, happy-go-lucky fellow, writing ballads for the street-singers of Dublin, and stealing round the by-ways to listen to the criticisms of the unwashed audience upon his compositions. Somehow from the very first Goldsmith wins our sympathy. We can never be angry with him for his escapades, although at his too generous donations to any beggar who chose to whine an apocryphal tale we can often find it within us to wish we had been near by, in order that a restraining hand might have rested on his arm. He must have tried his friends in his early years to an appalling extent by his freakish way of turning up penniless, a week or two after they fondly imagined that they had set him up—and sent him off—for life. "To be sure," says Mr. Moore, "he must even then have been a lively and entertaining young man. But liveliness is not a livelihood. If it were, few Irishmen would be without a competence." A rather new point of view is suggested by the question as to whether he really was duped by the impostors who swarmed round him. "Might it not be that he was content to pay a price for his study of these characters? We must confess that the more attention we give to the peculiarities of Goldsmith's nature, and especially to the form of his humour, the more likely does it seem that he now and again submitted to the exactions of men whom he could see through, for the sake of the artistic pleasure he derived from studying them."

We spoke just now of the author's digressions, and of his sarcasm. The following pertinent example will show

that he can be very sharp in his comments on men and affairs:—

Philosophers talked largely half a century ago, and still more largely a quarter of a century ago, upon the splendid results that had been achieved by the appeal of authors from the patron to the public. But now that the public have shown exactly what sort of reading they want and the price they are willing to pay for it—when the "sound" reading department in the free libraries is resorted to by the few, and the most illiterate of the contents of the fiction department are read by the many—when the best magazines have had the lives crushed out of them by the competition of the most contemptible, sagacious people are shaking their heads and wondering if, after all, the business of authorship has gained so greatly by the transfer of its protection from the solitary patron to the million patrons.

Into the history of Goldsmith's troubles and trials, and final successes, with publishers and booksellers Mr. Moore goes at considerable length, and if he gives us no new facts, he re-tells the old ones from a very individual outlook, and is always interesting, never dull; of course, it would be unpardonable to run on the rocks of dulness when voyaging with so versatile a companion as the genial Irishman. The summing-up, towards the end of the book, is exceptionally good. "He could do well for everyone but himself. He never succeeded in ordering his life as other men have ordered their lives. He had sounded all the depths of human life and had scaled its highest heights; he knew all about life except how to live. . . . He made many experiments and he had many experiences, but he never acquired the knowledge of how to live." And yet, dying as he did, "deeply in debt, having nothing to show for his money beyond a score or so of beggars weeping outside his door," is there one of us who does not admire and love him?

Before Goldsmith was well able to write he began to scribble verse, and in a capital little biographical introduction to a most attractive edition of the "Poems," Dr. H. S. Krans relates briefly the literary history of his poet, alluding to the various friendships which cast additional light on the situation—the names of Johnson, Garriek, Reynolds, Hogarth, and a dozen others are, of course, inseparable from any portrayal of Goldsmith's career. We fear that the poetical work of Goldsmith has been of late years somewhat in the shadows, overwhelmed, it may be, by the rich torrent of Victorian poetry. People who were taken captive by the sensuous and haunting rhythms of Swinburne, the incomparable imagery of Rossetti, the sweet song of Tennyson—to mention but three—were hardly likely to pay much heed to the author of "The Deserted Village" or "The Traveller." Placid verse could wait for a more convenient season; for the time it was not audible amid the flood of more importunate sound, of more resonant periods. But Goldsmith can afford to wait—he is of the plains, the river which runs slowly, and perhaps a little sedately, but which has by its banks the rarest and most fragrant flowers, the finest and most spreading meadow-lands. To come back to his simple but often stately lines after a course of furiously emphatic modern verse is as though we turned from some tropical, sun-burnt landscape, vivid with crimson blooms, to the cool shade and the modest blossoms of an English country garden; we are rested, comforted, satisfied. Over Swinburne we feel restless; we smoke Egyptian cigarettes and drink champagne; over Goldsmith we feel cosy, we fill the capacious pipe, and taste the sharp, delicious sweetness of cider born of large, wind-swept orchards. He has for us no great surprises, no extraordinary thrills; he neither makes us flush in ecstasy nor grow pale with terror; but we love him, and his place in our hearts is sure.

## THE KING OF HEARTS AGAIN

*The Amours of Henri de Navarre and of Marguerite de Valois.* By LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

OF making many books about Henri Quatre there is, apparently, no end. That monarch's adventurous and amorous career appeals equally to the writers of mere romance, or to those who, taking themselves more seriously, prefer to discourse on the so-called lighter side of history. Without going back to Mr. Stanley Weyman's well-known works, a clever story, entitled "The Helmet of Navarre," by an American writer, secured a wide circulation in this country only a few years ago. Afterwards came a romance of English make, on which, we believe, was founded the play called "Henry of Navarre," performed at the New Theatre—a play which was as much like the real thing as chalk is to cheese, though, naturally, crowds of people flocked to see Mr. Fred Terry in the part of the brave and amorous Bearnese, and Miss Julia Neilson in that of the fascinating Reine Margot. Further, some time last spring, Messrs. Chatto and Windus published a volume entitled "The Favourites of Henry of Navarre," by a writer calling himself "Le Petit Homme Rouge," who had previously given us an authoritative work on the Court of the Tuileries during the Second French Empire. In "The Favourites of Henry of Navarre" a genuine attempt was made to disentangle fact from fiction with regard to the many love affairs of the so-called evergreen monarch; and now Lieut.-Col. Haggard appears upon the scene with a work which covers precisely the same ground, and in certain respects, at all events, jumbles fact and fiction together again.

"Le Petit Homme Rouge" acknowledged his indebtedness on certain points to a book written by M. de Lescure some fifty years ago; and Colonel Haggard's volume contains evidence that he has gone at times to the same authority. But he has also filled in various little gaps occurring in the works of both his predecessors, particularly with regard to some of King Henri's earlier love affairs. For instance, he supplies authentic information about the royal *liaison* with Esther Ymbert or Imbert, of La Rochelle, by which young person the King had an acknowledged son, named Gédéon. This son (who died in infancy) is not mentioned as Esther Imbert's offspring by either Lescure or "Le Petit Homme Rouge," or even by M. de Beauval in his painstaking volume of research on the illegitimate children of the French Kings and Princes. Those authors, however, assign to Henri, at this period of his life, a son by the Countess de Gramont, otherwise "La Belle Corisande"; and Colonel Haggard holds that the child thus ascribed to Mme. de Gramont was really Esther Imbert's. The birth of the latter's boy is certainly established by unimpeachable documentary evidence. Nevertheless, it remains a question whether the King may not also have had a son by Mme. de Gramont. There is a notable passage in Anthony Hamilton's "Memoirs of the Count de Gramont" which suggests that such was the case.

Colonel Haggard's book contains a good deal of matter which will doubtless appeal to those folk who are partial to so-called good stories, and do not care whether they are true or false. It can hardly be said that our author shows discrimination or critical zeal. He usually takes statements as he finds them, and a good deal of his book is a mere *chronique scandaleuse*, forming a sort of attenuated "Pot-Bouille," with the scene transferred from the sphere in which Zola placed it to various sixteenth century palaces and castles, and the personages raised from the middle-class to royal or noble rank. For our part we cannot believe so much evil about everybody. At

the time of Henri de Navarre, France was divided into bitterly hostile factions, each of which maliciously and unscrupulously sought to blacken the other's reputation, and while we agree with the adage that there is no smoke without some fire, and are well aware that the morals of the time were very lax, we can no more credit all the anecdotal tittle-tattle which Colonel Haggard has culled from the pages of Brantôme, d'Aubigné, L'Etoile, Sully, Tallemant des Réaux, the authors of "Le Divorce Satyrique" and "Le Grand Alcandre," etc., etc., than we can believe all the allegations which Suetonius collected and introduced with so much apparent relish into his "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars."

We are not in agreement with Colonel Haggard on a good many points of the career of Gabrielle d'Estrées. The evidence respecting her death, which was brought forward by such acknowledged scholars as M. Jules Loiseleur and M. Desclozeaux, is not to be dismissed, as Colonel Haggard dismisses it, with a sneer. He will have it, however, that Gabrielle was poisoned—after, on her side, poisoning others, including notably that Esther Imbert to whom we have previously referred. Those who wish to ascertain the evidence against the theory that Gabrielle was poisoned will do well to read the summary of it in the pages of "Le Petit Homme Rouge." Again, Colonel Haggard does not, to our thinking, do justice to La Reine Margot, in whose favour various works, embodying new material, have appeared in France of more recent years. Further, our author's account of Henriette d'Entragues, whose *liaison* with the King had such an intimate connection with great political issues, is very meagre and inadequate; while the King's final love affair—his infatuation for the youthful Charlotte de Montmorency, Princess de Condé—is dismissed, despite its many romantic elements, in less than five pages. Indeed, the latter part of this book seems to have been written in a hasty, perfunctory manner, as if the author had grown quite tired of his theme. The main value of the work seems to be that, here and there, as we have said before, it fills up little gaps occurring in the writings of M. de Lescure and "Le Petit Homme Rouge."

The volume is illustrated with seventeen portraits, including some interesting ones of Marguerite de Valois as a child, La Mole after his execution, the domineering Du Guast, and the brave Bussy d'Amboise. But the portrait supposed to represent La Belle Gabrielle is a very poor thing indeed.

## THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

*Reports of the Commissions of the World Missionary Conference.* 9 vols. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. The set 18s. net; single vols. 3s. net each.)

It is hardly necessary to say that these volumes, which represent the work of the "World Missionary Conference" at Edinburgh, cover a vast field. Even to enumerate the subjects discussed would be quite beyond the limits of an ordinary review. No less than 160 societies, chiefly Protestant sects, British, American, and Continental, sent delegates. In addition, there was a huge roll of correspondents in many parts of the world. From this army of missionary soldiers a great amount of valuable information has been collected and stored in these nine volumes. Many difficult problems have been faced and discussed. Notwithstanding differences of opinion, a point of unanimity was found in the fact that all are endeavouring to carry some aspect of the message of Christianity to the non-Christian world. Whether the comprehensive title, "World Missionary Conference," was wise or justified is a debatable question, considering that the Greek and Roman Communions were unrepresented. And of the 560 millions of estimated Christians in the world, it must be remembered that 373 millions belong to these two great



branches of the Church, so that at the highest possible estimate the "World" Conference represented only one-third of Christians. Some few of the speakers plainly felt this disability, and it is significant that one—an American bishop—thought it necessary to say to the Conference, "Let us treat the Roman Catholics always as Christians" (!) and to add a warning against the sin of one Church slandering another. Having said this much, we are at the same time convinced that the interchange of thought between so many of divergent views makes a distinct advance in the direction of religious toleration both in theory and the practical methods of missionary enterprise. The fourth volume is one of the most interesting, particularly for the student of the science of comparative religion. It deals with Animistic religions, Islam, Hinduism, and the religions of China and Japan. In the first part are given the individual experiences, observations, and deductions of the missionary correspondents. There is purposely no attempt at systematic collation. Each opinion is set down as it comes. But this very diversity has resulted in an immense amount of most instructive information, ethnological, social, and anthropological. In reading of Animism among the Bantu tribes in Africa, whose whole life is perpetually beset with malicious demons, which must be propitiated, it is impossible not to be struck with the fact that modern Christian missionaries have to deal with the same problem which confronted the Christians of the first century in the demoniacs or possessed with devils. The religions of China present some interesting problems. "Racial pride and the deep-rooted belief that Chinese civilisation is superior to that of all other nations in literature, morality, and government," must be especially difficult to break down. Modern Japan, also, is suffering, in another sense, from an exalted form of megalomania. In China, where ancestor worship has so powerful a hold on all social and family life, the neglect of the departed by missionaries (Protestant) is noted as "a grievous hindrance to the spread of the Christian faith." Some writers are bold enough to ask whether a "modified worship in the form of a memorial service would not be possible among Christians in China"?

But why not give the simple teaching of the early Church in prayer for the departed? This could be done without any compromise about ancestor worship, which another writer admits would cause "much of the opposition to our propagandism to disappear." Among minor social hindrances it is noted that "the keeping of the Sabbath is a very great difficulty for labourers, artisans, and dependents generally, but more especially so for tradesmen, who cannot close their shops for the day without heavy loss and possibly ruin." It seems amazing that Christians should make the keeping of the Jewish Sabbath to stand in the way of the acceptance of Christianity; especially when it is admitted that "for a missionary to teach the Bible just as it was taught a hundred years ago is folly, in the light of all that has been learned about the Bible since." It would no doubt surprise many Westerners to know that not only is the Higher Criticism making itself felt among students in China and Japan, but that, generally, translations of the works of Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Haeckel, Voltaire, and others are being widely read, and are producing an agnostic and materialistic attitude of mind.

There appears to be a complete unanimity among missionaries as to the paramount importance of a careful study of the religions of the East. This was very far from being the case twenty or thirty years ago, but the disastrous effects of ignorance have made themselves felt. Of India especially one writer says, "there is no other country where the

ignorance and mistakes of the missionary are likely to produce such harmful results. There is no other religion or group of religions which needs to be so carefully studied by the missionary who would interpret aright the Christian faith." There is sound wisdom, too, in the following observation: "It is a reasonable demand to any man who tries to tackle so difficult a problem as that of changing other men's faith that he should know what he is talking about, not only his own religion, but also that which he desires to lead the people away from."

This involves the further demand that the "older attitude of contempt and hostility" should be abandoned, and give place to greater sympathy, at least with the higher aspects and ideals of the religions of the Ancient World. On the other hand, it is of great importance to consider the form and method of the presentation of Christianity to the reflective and mystic Oriental mind. We make no comment on the following admission of one writer: "That the soul of man should in one brief human birth qualify itself for an eternal existence in heaven or hell, with no hope of reprieve or change, seems to the Hindu a doctrine unworthy of belief, and I know no doctrine in our faith which finds greater difficulty of access and hospitality to the Hindu mind."

Lack of space prevents our consideration of the other volumes of this series. The fourth is given to the important question of the training of missionaries, while the fifth is concerned with the rather difficult problem of the relation of missions to Governments. As a work of reference this series must be of real value to all students of the religions of the world, while to those interested in missions, or intending to become missionaries, these thoroughly practical handbooks are simply indispensable.

## THE PROBLEM OF THEISM

*Looking Facts in the Face.* By ST. GEORGE STOCK, M.A. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE writer of these essays tells us that he has "entitled his book 'Looking Facts in the Face' because it is written for those who are willing to recognise realities apart from hypothesis." But, after a careful study of his position, we are not so sure of the realities, and seem to find more hypothesis than fact. To begin with, the writer admits that his position is iconoclastic. It is an iconoclasm which is the result of a strong reaction from that teaching which regarded the Scriptures as inspired verbatim et literatim by an Almighty Power. So far the iconoclasm is quite intelligible. It is easy now to discount "the profound veneration for

*tradidit arcano quocunque volumine Moyses."*

So we need not follow the author's fact-facing in the matter of the parting of the Red Sea, talking serpents and donkeys, or the inhabitants of the city which Cain built, or the intolerant cruelty of the Jewish religion. The really important part of his book lies in his views on Theism and the Being of God.

So far from giving realities, he presents us with a metaphysical hypothesis. This is stated to begin with in the Preface:

In the spirit of good, which is revealed to every man through his own higher self, he finds the only legitimate object of our worship.

This is something which is in the world, and yet above the world, something to which every loyal heart can bow. It is, however, far from being almighty, and therefore needs our help, and not merely our devotion. Religion thus regarded becomes a reality, and is freed from the contradictions which entangle Theism.

But the question at once arises, Is this Deity really objective or only subjective? We think that Mr. St. George Stock's idea is simply subjective, an evolution of man's inner consciousness. Having "broken with Faith as well as with Fables," he will have nothing to do with the Christian God, seeing that "one-half of Christendom worships a Jew, while the other half divides its devotions between a Jew and a Jewess"; and "the Apostle of Love" enunciates the "terrible doctrine" that he "that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth in him." Again, Christian Theism is impossible because that doctrine involves *inter alia* belief that "the sole cause of things is a single personal being, who is almighty, all wise, and perfectly holy and good." But, philosophically, personality cannot be predicated of God, whether of the God of Plato, of Aristotle, or of Christ. The only possible answer to the famous tetralemma of Epicurus about the existence of evil is the unflinching optimism of the consistent Theist who should boldly say, "There is no evil." But such a contradiction renders Theism untenable. So Mr. St. George Stock is driven to that purely subjective idea of God, which he states in the last chapter as his final conclusion of the "God we worship," who comes not from the head, but from the heart; it is not a conclusion of the intellect, but a postulate of the feelings; it is not inferred from the things without, but revealed by the spirit within.

Here we observe a startling inconsistency. For only three pages earlier we read: "Whatever our religious views may be, it is manifest that there is a power of some kind which upholds the universe. . . . Now what ought to be our attitude towards the stupendous power that thus holds us all in the hollow of its hand? Can any rational being doubt but that it ought to be one of awe and veneration?" Certainly, but this is clearly a "conclusion of the intellect inferred from the things without." Then the question is asked, "What is the nature of the God we worship?" The answer: "He is a God of love, of truth, and of righteousness." In answer to the further question, "Does the God we worship exist?" we read "Yes. He certainly exists in this sense, that there *is* love, there *is* truth, and there *is* righteousness, and that these things are our highest good, and therefore what we mean by God."

Now we maintain that this view simply reduces God to that abstract idea of virtue which belongs to man's consciousness. Such a God is purely subjective, in no sense objective or personal. Such an idea of God has never satisfied humanity; probably never will. Rationally it seems impossible to offer prayer and worship to an impersonal abstraction, however devoted we may be to love, truth, and righteousness in themselves. But of the writer's earnestness of aim there can be no doubt. Such seekers after God belong to Pascal's second category of reasonable men: "Il n'y a que deux sortes d'hommes raisonnables, ceux qui servent Dieu de tout le cœur parce qu'ils connaissent, et ceux qui cherchent Dieu de tout le cœur parce qu'ils ne le connaissent pas."

## DOUGLAS JERROLD

Douglas Jerrold and "Punch." By WALTER JERROLD.  
Macmillan and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE humour of sixty or seventy years ago is liable to be missed by the younger generations, unless now and then some wise man arises and draws their attention to the fact that many exceedingly witty people existed long before they were born. Even then the hasty verdict might be passed that the "old fogeys" were "deadly slow,"

and that half the time it was hard to understand what they were talking about or where the jokes were supposed to be. Such conclusions, however inevitable they may be, owing to the flight of time and the progress of affairs, do not prove any lack of brilliance in the wags of earlier days; they merely suggest that the reading of the younger critics has not covered so large a field as it ought to have done.

Not many things are more entertaining and instructive, in a literary man's life, than the study of the developments and alterations in our sense of humour. The subjects over which we now indulge in side-splitting laughter will excite no risibility thirty or forty years hence, and over many of the passages which tickled our forefathers to death, as the phrase goes, we move scarcely a muscle. But *Punch*, the perennial, the "Member for all England," is altogether another affair, and the work of "*Punch's* Prime Minister," Douglas Jerrold, can be read to-day with as great interest, if not with as hearty laughter, as when it was first written. The interest is of a different character, true; it is literary, not topical; but, thanks to the irrepressible vitality of its amazingly prolific author, it remains living and bright.

Mr. Walter Jerrold has given in this volume a neat little résumé of Douglas Jerrold's connection with *Punch*, and, as everybody who is anybody reads *Punch* to-day, it follows that the book will appeal to a large circle. Jerrold's character was a striking one; he seemed simply unable to resist taking the opportunity for a smart retort or repartee, and, of course, several of these quips, some familiar, some new, are found in these pages. Albert Smith, protesting against something that had been said, remarked to Jerrold, "After all, you know, we both row in the same boat." "True," came the answer, "at with very different skulls." And when Smith signed an article with his initials he was asked why he only told "two-thirds of the truth?"—which seems rather cruel; but then Jerrold was no respecter of persons, and the wits could give and take plenty of hard knocks without any danger of broken heads or hearts.

The chapter on "The Politics of *Punch*" is especially apt in the present political situation; but *Punch* to-day is certainly not quite so definitely partisan as it was then. Under the signature of "Q." Jerrold revealed a charming modesty. "All we propose to ourselves in these weekly essays," he said, "is to give brief suggestions for the better government of the world, and for the bringing about of the millennium." Striking evidence of the side taken by our leading humorous paper in years gone by is presented when we find that its foreign politics barred it from France.

Many of us remember the "Curtain Lectures" of "Mrs. Caudle," which sent up the circulation of *Punch* at a rapid rate. The newsvendors, before placing their orders for a new issue, used to inquire if the forthcoming number would contain an instalment of that series; of this popularity Jerrold was impatient, recognising that the "Lectures" did not represent his best work. "Broadly speaking, however," comments the author, "it may be said that a celebrated writer's literary best is rarely that which appeals to the widest circle of readers."

Reminiscences of many famous men occur in this entertaining volume, but we must not stay to mention them in detail. After two lengthy chapters devoted to Jerrold's "General Contributions," the book concludes with reproductions of some of his longer plays of fancy—"Capsicum House for Young Ladies," "The Life and Adventures of Miss Robinson Crusoe," "Our Honeymoon," and "The Exhibition of the English in China," each of which satirises in Jerrold's well-known way some of our national foibles; and we are bound to hold the opinion, after glancing through them, that much of the irony and pun-



gent sarcasm is very pertinent, even to events and habits of the present time. The illustrations, which include excellent portraits of Douglas Jerrold, are capital, and Mr. Walter Jerrold has been well advised to place on record thus the best contributions of his great relative to the *Punch* which we all hope will be immortal.

#### ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

*English Secular Embroidery.* By M. JOURDAIN. (Kegan Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is a full account, on the secular side, of the "laudable mystery" of embroidery from the Bayeux tapestry (which is not tapestry at all) to the hangings worked under the auspices of William Morris for the Red House. It is perhaps unnecessary to repeat that secular work never reached the high standard of ecclesiastical embroidery; but, this once admitted, there remains a great deal of artistic and of human interest. The very full account of the treasures of needlework preserved at Hardwick Hall is prefaced with a brief notice of that remarkable woman, Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who is described by a biographer as "a proud, selfish, intriguing woman, a moneylender, a dealer in coals, lead, and timber, who died immensely rich and without a friend"; while her unfortunate husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, was consoled by one of his advisers with the cynical remark that "there was onlie one shrewe in the world, and that every man had her." She was evidently a *maitresse-femme*, farming her own land, building incessantly, and expressing her powerful character in her house of Hardwick. No doubt the perfection of that house as an example of Elizabethan grandeur in interior decoration is due to her will, by which she leaves all her plate and furniture to "stand entayled" as heirlooms. The quotations from her hitherto unpublished inventory are of great interest. It cannot be claimed that the Hardwick hangings, with appliqué ornamentation, represent the main tendency of contemporary needlework, but they are well worth illustration, both on account of their intrinsic beauty and interest, and because they have hardly received the attention they deserve at the hands of the historians of embroidery. From these large and effective hangings, it is something of a descent to the prettiness and absurdity of Stuart stump work. Some years ago, most people when confronted with these relics of the past would have used the words of Louis XIV., who, when Teniers' tavern scenes were exhibited before him, let fall the indignant and disdainful comment, "Take away these grotesque things." The author has found a solution for the difficult problem of the design of certain Stuart embroideries. The catalogue of plates and pictures printed and sold by Peter Stent (a bookseller of Charles II.'s reign) gives a valuable indication of the sources of their ornamentation. He has for sale "Books for Drafts of Men, Birds, Beasts, Flowers, Fruits, Flyes, Fishes," and also pictures of popular subjects—such as the four seasons, the five senses, and various royal personages—so frequently met with in needlework of this period.

The inordinate devotion to the needle, so unusual in the eighteenth century, when even that woman of genius *manquée*, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, gives her opinion that "it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle as for a man not to know how to use a sword," reads strangely enough to-day, when the use of the sword and the needle is only possessed by a minority of either sex. What would the Amazons of the suffrage movement think of Addison's delicate contempt of the Sophronias of his day? "What a delightful entertainment must it be to the fair sex, whom their native modesty and

the tenderness of men towards them exempt from public business, to pass their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of Nature into their own dress? This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a lady can show a fine genius, and I cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme. Your pastoral poetesses may vent their fancy in rural landscapes and place despairing shepherds under silken willows, or drown them in a stream of mohair. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if she would choose rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than to signalise herself with so much vehemence against those who are French in their hearts!" The illustrations are numerous and carefully chosen, and the coloured frontispiece deserves especial mention for its pictorial gallery.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

### PARODIES.

*A la Manière de . . .* New Series, bound with the series already published. Paul Reboux and Charles Muller.

To those who have glanced through the first series of "*A la Manière de . . .*" the present volume will need no recommendation or caution. We can find no more suitable word of praise than that by which *Punch's* French confrère hailed the production of the victor in the Limerick competition—"Enormously Spiritual." The parodies are characterised by a magnificent spirit of tomfoolery; at times—it is here that our word of caution must be applied—they are distinguished by a humour that is somewhat too broad for our taste; they lack the fineness and delicacy of Mr. Seaman's parodies of style, but for sheer fun they excel even the condensed novels of Bret Harte. The first series, which is repeated in the present volume, contains some excellent work, but we venture to think that the parodists have excelled themselves in their additions. The first series contains, besides imitations of such well-known French authors as Maurice Barrès, Paul Adam, and Tristan Bernard, parodies of Shakespeare, Mr. Conan Doyle, and Maeterlinck. These last two have so often been travestied that there was little left to do to them; but we find the title of the Maeterlinck parody, "*Idrofile and Filigrane*," delicious. "*Le duc Vespasio*" (by Shakespeare) is an amusing jumble of all the "barbarisms" of the great dramatist—murders, tempests, high-flown metaphors, warlike speeches in the style of Henry V., madness, alarms and excursions—such is the material of the play, crammed into a dozen short pages. The characters, bearing improbable names, comprise a "Constable of Venice," a Duke of York, a first and second murderer, and perform their evolutions on a nondescript scene, which is in France and England at the same moment, and shifts about with bewildering rapidity.

The new series contains, among many good things, a diverting parody of Mistral—"Legende de la belle Clemenco, la flour d'Avignoun"—a speech of Jaurès, an imitation of that much-parodied author, Pierre Loti, and, by way of final combined display, a novel written in four instalments by Dickens, Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet. The tissue of the romance is one of Maupassant's short stories, which is here represented as merely the outline of a bigger work, which the author was unable to finish, and which he left to the above-mentioned quartet to be complete. The contrast of styles is most piquant; the cordial, familiar style of Daudet, the psychological pretensions of Goncourt, eked out with scraps of artistic lore,

make an admirable foil to the grossnesses of Zola. From the Dickens we may be allowed to quote: "Quand M. Loisel s'arrêtait quelque part, il s'arrêtait si longtemps qu'il semblait prendre racine et que l'on s'étonnait ensuite de le voir se déplanter sans dommage." A close parody, perhaps too close, but it is never dull to watch a superlative mimic.

*October Vagabonds.* By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

MR. LE GALLIENNE seems to have captured the secret of eternal youth, and if in one sense this is a pity—for by this time we had thought of him as giving the world something strong and fine—in another sense all is well, since in his own delightful manner not a writer can come near him. He has not altered a scrap in the years since first he charmed our ears with his siren singing. Enlarging upon the glory of the apple-country, he observes: "The treasures of Pomona and Vertumnus . . . are worth only a modest so-much-a-bushel, yet I think I should actually feel myself richer with a barrel of apples than with a barrel of money." Verily this is the same poet who told us in his "Prose Fancies" how absurd it is to pay money for a poem:—"The true, the tasteful way to pay a poet is by the exchange of some other beautiful thing: by beautiful praise, by a beautiful smile, by a well-shaped tear, by a rose." Mr. Le Gallienne is incorrigible.

The "October Vagabonds" of this idyll are himself and a congenial friend; the two of them take it into their heads to walk from their summer camp to New York—a matter of about four hundred miles, and the account of their irresponsible journeying makes a very pretty little story. It was fated to remain unfinished, for Colin, the companion, fell ill by the way; but as far as it goes we can but admire the deft manner in which the author embroiders his theme. More than once he touches the edge of really fine thought, as when he defends himself against an imaginary reproach that he should carry books in his knapsack. "No one who loves Nature would ask that question. For Nature and books react intimately on each other, and, far more than one can realise without thought, our enjoyment of Nature is a creation of literature. Can anyone sensitive to such considerations deny that the meadows of the world are greener for the twenty-third Psalm, or the starry sky the gainer in our imagination by the solemn cadences of the book of Job?" Charming, indeed; and there is plenty of delicate reasoning in this book. The descriptions could not well be improved upon, and the humour is never forced; dainty drawings and dreamy verses add to the reader's pleasure. But why, O why did Mr. Le Gallienne, student and admirer of Meredith, clip the last lovely line of the seventh stanza of "Love in the Valley"?

*Heroic Legends.* Retold by ALICE GROZIER HERBERTSON. (Blackie and Son. 6s.)

THIS volume contains stories of St. George and the Dragon, Robin Hood, Richard and Blondel, and many others, and is beautifully printed with large type. It contains sixteen coloured plates, which are undoubtedly interesting. The book cannot fail to be a most acceptable gift at Christmas-tide. The illustration of Blondel singing outside Richard's prison, and that of the Watchman who perceives a Huge Beast, are particularly good, while we could wish the princess who is depicted as leading a wounded dragon to the city a far safer and more useful task; as, if the creature is at all exactly depicted, we could very well dispense with him in being, and would learn with pleasure of his demise.

*Home Fun.* By CECIL H. BULLIVANT. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6s.)

"HOME FUN" is an almost indispensable volume for the delectation of children at Christmas. It consists of 550 pages, full of all the material which interests boys and girls. Possibly the chapter on elementary hypnotism may be a little beyond the comprehension of the ordinary child, and the chapter on Clairvoyance and Crystal Gazing will appeal probably to older ones who have left first childhood behind them. The chapters on Conjuring, Charades, Tableaux Vivants, Amateur Theatricals, Ventriloquism, Juggling, Clog Dancing, and the Tight Rope are just the right sort of material to interest the intelligent child.

## FICTION

*The Green Patch.* By BARONESS VON HUTTEN. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

THOSE who are admirers of the Baroness von Hutten's style will find "The Green Patch" very readable. It is probably not quite equal to "Pam," but a good many will admire the pictures of the children, which are extremely well drawn, and the character of the father, Christopher Lambe, a perfectly irresponsible sort of person, who leaves his house and family to dwell by himself in Italy. After a time, Daphne, the youngest child, goes to live with him. The description of Dunstan, the uncle, is faintly amusing:

He was an unbaked-looking young man with a maddeningly supercilious smile. He was dull, incapable, and un-beautiful, but his conceit was like the sea, because it was infinite.

There are many good touches such as this throughout the book, which, if not over-exciting, will be found quite useful to take on a journey; and if a few snatches of sleep occur between the chapters the volume can be taken up again and continued without any great sense of loss at the interruption. The book is nicely printed and well bound, and generally presents all the good features which Messrs. Hutchinson impart to their publications.

*The Prize.* By SYDNEY C. GRIER. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

"THE PRIZE," by Mr. Sydney Grier, is the continuation and finish of his other two novels, "The Heir" and "The Heritage." The first two relate the adventures of a party of "tourists" who are claimants for the title of Emperor of the East, and who, while travelling in Greece, fall into the hands of brigands. The fights, plots, and counter-plots so brought about have already made the success of these two books. In this third, and, perhaps, last, Mr. Grier works up an international entanglement. The whole of Europe is concerned in the fortunes of Emathia and the house of Theophanis, and the intrigue and interwoven relationships of powers and consuls are handled by the author with the skill of an experienced chess player. There are so many different threads which must be picked up before the whole scheme is clear in one's mind, that the reading of "The Prize" is not so much an amusement for an idle hour as a difficult task which demands close and concentrated attention from start to finish. We meet again the keen but kindly Maurice Teffany, with his fluffy wife, his sister Zoe, a woman of imagination and poetry, Colonel Wylie, the practical and soft-hearted soldier man, and Danae, the daughter of the Despot of Strio, who is lured into fighting for the interests of her brother, and



shows herself a woman of spirit and resource. The fighting and continued excitements in the pursuit of a kingdom make the book highly interesting, even if one has not been alert enough to follow all the subtleties of the intrigues, and the characters are clear cut and true to life. Then, too, the Grecian atmosphere, colouring, and mode of speech and thought, are interesting factors, and help to make the story a very readable one.

*The Human Chord.* By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE exploitation of the occult with any degree of plausibility in fiction is no easy matter, and although Mr. Algernon Blackwood has succeeded in his previous books, we are compelled to say that in this one he fails to convince the reader. He might answer that it was not his object to convince; that he merely intended to write a good story on somewhat novel lines; but the essence of the employment of mystery, and its only excuse, is that it shall appeal to the mind as probable. Clever, beyond a doubt, is "The Human Chord"—amazingly clever, and the beginning of the book prepares us for a treat which unfortunately is not in store. Instead of being awed and impressed by the account of Philip Skale, the ex-clergyman, who discovers that sound is a force which can pervade matter, alter its outward form, call spirits from the ether, and in short create a new world, we are only persuaded of his madness.

We cannot dismiss the book, however, without a compliment to the author on his admirable use of the language. He has a distinctive style that should bring him fame if only he will use it on plots which are within the bounds of common sense. He has yet to find himself; he has allowed his pursuit of the fantastic to carry him too far. The psychological novel, we believe, will be his strong tower—his analysis of the thoughts of little Robert Spinrobin in the first chapter of this story could hardly be improved upon; it is only when he permits his predilection for the unseen world to get out of control that he begins to weary us. Some very indiscriminate and florid praise has been offered to Mr. Blackwood; we trust that our advice, tendered in the utmost sincerity, and with a full recognition of his gifts as a clever artist, will give him pause before he adventures farther into the exposition of subjects which only a matured and masterly hand can treat adequately.

## THE THEATRE

### "POMPEY THE GREAT" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

THE Stage Society has much good and some brilliant work to its credit, but when its history comes to be written, it will, we think, live by its production of Mr. John Masefield's tragedy entitled "Pompey the Great." To our way of thinking there has been nothing seen upon the English stage in our time so large, so fine, so dignified, or so wholly tragic, in its full poetical meaning, as this work. Written with a complete sense of responsibility, challenging comparison with the poetic dramas of the masters, "Pompey the Great" takes its place almost side by side with plays of the same character which have been epoch-making. In recent years the stage has been almost barren of poetic plays. Mr. Stephen Phillips alone has forced his way through the phalanx of mediocrity with "Paolo and Francesca" and "Nero." In these there was fine workmanship and fine poetry. There was also much that was dramatic, but the real tragic element was not in them. Their tragedy

was spasmodic and not overwhelming, inevitable. In "Pompey the Great" the whispers of tragedy are heard from the rise of the curtain, and they gather into one great appalling shout with its fall. Unlike Mr. Stephen Phillips, who is a poet first and a dramatist afterwards, Mr. Masefield is a dramatist first and a poet by accident. As a result his play grips the attention and controls the intellect by its actuality. It is not merely poetry written in prose cast into the form of a play. Nor are poetic fancies indulged in arbitrarily or dragged in self-consciously. All the poetry that there is in it leaps out of the situation and carries along the action of the play in great sweeps and curves. It therefore stands alone among modern poetical work as a masterpiece. It is a great achievement, and the pity of it is that it is too good, too excellent under the present abortive conditions of the English stage ever to enjoy a run in one of the few theatres deserving of it. Like some great effect of Nature seen only by those on the watch, it thrilled and held two audiences, and will be seen no more. If ever there was a play which should be put before the public with all the advantages of beautiful scenery, "Pompey the Great" is the one. Its home should be His Majesty's Theatre, but His Majesty's Theatre without Sir Herbert Tree, unless he were to be placed in a subsidiary part. We can conceive no actor who could give a finer rendering of Pompey than Mr. Herbert Grimwood, who played the part on Monday afternoon last. He stepped upon the Aldwych stage a very Roman, and he delivered the beautiful lines allotted to him with a rare sense of poetic feeling. In his hands Pompey lived and breathed. He was good alike to the ear and to the eye. His exposition was a lesson to those better-known actors who strut feebly and inanely through Shakespeare's masterpieces, indistinct where they are not jarring, without dignity or a sense of character, horribly and hopelessly devoid of the poetical sense. Mr. John Masefield was lucky in discovering Mr. Grimwood.

We found ourselves in Rome. There were peace and love in the house of Pompey the Great. Without, there were, however, the uneasy stirrings of political dishonesty, personal jealousy, and the drilling of tools that are always at work to undermine the pedestal upon which all truly great men stand even in life. The illustrious soldier, wearing upon his shoulders the red cloak of a hundred victories, was working for the maintenance of peace in the Senate of his beloved city. From having been a man of action he had ripened into a man of ideas, and upon the fulfilment of these he was at work. At the very moment when peace seemed most secure the trumpet calls of war were carried into the very heart of Rome upon the breeze. Cæsar, jealous of his master, had gathered an army together to carry him into the place he wished to usurp, and so Pompey the Great, unruffled by the panic voices of his false friends, donned once again the armour that he had worn for twenty years. Still unruffled by the violence and beseechings of his place-mongering generals, he entered the field against Cæsar, once his friend. Strongly and relentlessly, amid abuse and misunderstanding, he carried out his plans for the protection of Rome, for the good of humanity. Once again he conquered in war, but with a method that was as new to him as it was to Cæsar. For the first time in his history as a soldier he fought with strategy and not with men. He starved his enemy and wore him down, avoiding the shedding of blood and the sacrifice of life. But when finally Cæsar sent into his camp a messenger with a flag of truce to make conditions, Pompey refused them, and named his own. In his hour of triumph, however, a strangely bloodless triumph, the Senate sent a demand that he should grant no peace to Cæsar, but, in order to win popular acclamation for themselves, that he should fling his

whole strength upon Cæsar and exterminate him and his followers. First a soldier to whom orders and discipline were everything, Pompey, all against his inclination, carried out instructions. His legions were led to battle by the men who prated so loudly of war but could not fight, and Pompey the Great suffered his first defeat. With his faithful wife, his equally faithful servant, and his secretary, who loved him like a dog, Pompey the serene, Pompey the philosopher, Pompey the man of ideas, put out to sea, no longer Pompey the Great. While his faithful wept, he thought, and, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of his burnt hopes there rose in his mind the vision of a new Rome. He set sail for Egypt, there to teach the boy King Ptolemy his cherished principles and there to meet assassination at the hands of his false friends. The beauty and the tragedy of the death of this man, born before his time, cannot be described.

We note that various persons whose business it seems to be to endeavour to find blemishes in plays which they neither understand nor wish to appreciate, gird at Mr. Masefield for having built his tragedy round a man who, as Mr. Trench puts it, "groped about in worlds half-realised." They forget, or do not understand, that Mr. Masefield was writing of Pompey the Great, and therefore showed them the man whom he conceived him to have been. He did not set out to write a popular play upon conventional lines—such a play as would seem to be Mr. Trench's ideal. He took a person, rang up his curtain on a particular period of this person's life, and rang it down upon his death. It did not matter to him how greatly his audiences "yearned to sympathise." He did not take audiences into his consideration, knowing very well that his play was infinitely too good to find a home at the Haymarket or any other "popular" West End theatre. He wrote for himself and his conscience, and the man who does this places himself far outside the calculations of Mr. Herbert Trench and the rest. We can imagine some of the things which Mr. Trench and certain of his fellow-managers would have said to Mr. Masefield had they been driven by force of circumstance to put "Pompey the Great" into an evening bill. Mr. Trench would inevitably have insisted upon the part of Cornelia being written up for Miss Neilson Terry, his amateur leading lady. He would have demanded the popularisation of all the scenes and asked for the reconstruction of Pompey's character. He would have talked as he writes of the disadvantages of leaving him a sort of Sir William Butler, and the advisability of modelling him upon Napoleon because, forsooth, he believes that audiences yearn to sympathise with the leading man. We can also imagine what would have been said to Mr. Masefield by Sir Herbert Tree, who would have desired the introduction of special music and sounds off, singing birds, and gramophone effects, and Mr. Bouchier with his beard. No wonder, then, that Mr. Masefield claimed the protection of the Stage Society, which is not ruled by its box-office and is not under the control of a manager whose one ambition in life is to be the hero of *matinée* audiences. All honour to the Stage Society, who gave "Pompey the Great" its only opportunity of showing that England can boast of one great dramatist. All honour to them also in that they provided the play with scenery so simple, and so dignified, and so inexpensive, that never for one moment was the eye distracted by real gold chairs, real silver urns, nor any of the frothy stuff under which poor Shakespeare's plays are smothered. Mr. Masefield needed to be a brave man to read the foolish and inadequate notices that were written of his play, but he may walk contentedly and return with courage to his study. His place is among the great writers, and the history of the stage will find few names more honoured than his.

## MUSIC

"LET us now praise famous men." Richard Strauss is one of them, and it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more of the cheap sneers that—for all the world as if he were a poor "Post-Impressionist"—have been directed against him from more than one quarter. But, in another sense, must not we count Mr. Beecham among our own famous men, too? It cannot be affirmed that the Royal Opera Syndicate would never have had the courage to tackle the question of the Censor, or that of the expense of producing Strauss' operas. We do not know. But this we do know, that Mr. Beecham has had the required courage; to him, and to him alone, do we owe it that we can now hear the music of "Salome" and "Elektra." In our judgment, nothing should at the present moment be written about "Salome" and its recent production which does not include a warm and generous tribute to Mr. Beecham. No operatic conductor in our time, and in England, has more richly deserved a cordial vote of thanks.

Of the eagerness of London to hear "Salome," of the alterations in the libretto so skilfully made by Mr. Kalisch, enough has by this time been said. Almost every newspaper has produced its column of "impressions," and the first question put by almost everyone in the world of music, amateur and professional, to his neighbour has been "What do you think of 'Salome'?" For most people this ought not to have been a very easy question to answer. But the answers have come glibly enough, since in these days of fast travelling everybody must decide everything at once. You must rush to a formed opinion with the speed of an airship. If you ask for time to study a knotty problem, to make thorough acquaintance with a work of art, you are set down as one of the slow-witted temporisers whose opinion is not worth asking again. It is much to the credit of the musical critics of the daily papers that most of them commented on the impossibility of giving a final judgment on "Salome" after only witnessing one rehearsal and one performance. But if we may judge from our own experience, most of those who heard "Salome" for the first time last week were ready with their verdict at once. Those who had heard "Elektra" were disappointed with "Salome," and wondered why so much had been said about its music, apart from the questions raised as to the propriety of the libretto.

Most of those for whom "Salome" had been their first Strauss opera, vowed that it was ugly, noisy, unmeaning, brutal, a caricature of music, etc., or simply that they found it disagreeable and tiresome to listen to, and would not go again. But it happens that among those who had taken the trouble to try and understand Strauss, by careful hearing of his orchestral works, or by study of such of his scores as are available, we have not met one who does not declare the greatest delight in and admiration for the music of "Salome." Some may think the libretto bad, and the opera, in consequence, not a perfect opera; certain "stalwarts" would rather not hear the work except in its original version, but as to the splendid genius which shines in the music itself we have heard no dissentient voice from among those who have done their best to comprehend it. Of course, it is probable that there must be some who, with the best will to do so, are never likely to appreciate the genius of Strauss. Tastes differ, and we have no right to blame a novel-reader who adores Meredith because he is insensible to the charm of Walter Scott, though we may be sorry for him.



We are afraid there has been too much illiberal judgment expressed by both sides on the Strauss question, the younger musicians, to whom Strauss is more natural, flouting everybody who does not agree with them as tainted with old-fogeyism, and the grave seniors, laying aside their gravity, indulging, sometimes, in unedifying ridicule of "these affected poseurs." That, however, is by the way. But we may venture to insist a little on the advisability, not only of going to hear the music of Strauss in an unprejudiced spirit, but of taking some trouble to become acquainted with it beforehand, or, at any rate, before a second hearing. For among the general body of people who are "fond of music" (and it is they whose taste needs educating, so that we may all, as a nation, come to like what is best), that most superficial of heresies is still alive, which teaches that music which does not make an immediate impression, music which requires study and trouble before it is appreciated, cannot be the "best" music. People who can appreciate high-class music without training and at a first hearing are not very common, though they undoubtedly exist, as any one who has ever had the privilege of assisting at concerts for the very poor know full well.

Let us beg, then, that "Salome" may not be judged in a hurry, as was the case, it is to be feared, with "Elektra," which opera people ran excitedly to hear in the summer, but which, too, many of them treated with indifference in the autumn. We believe sincerely that notwithstanding the disagreeable story to which it is wedded, the music of "Salome" must, in the end, be appreciated by ordinary music-lovers who will be at the pains to get to know it. That it will, by its own force and value, make its way and come to be accounted one of the great things of musical art we are quite convinced. But that may not be for some time, and it seems such a pity that, meanwhile, numbers might be enjoying this wonderful music if they would but give their minds to it. How often has not one heard a belated enthusiast about the "Ring" lament that he or she had lost twenty years of enjoyment because all that while they had supposed Wagner to be "beyond them"!

We may perhaps be allowed to recall how that when we first heard "Salome," some four years ago, in Germany, although at each hearing the music carried us away by its splendour (we being previously well acquainted with the orchestral works of Strauss), yet the disagreeable impression made by the story, and the disgust inspired by the scene with the Baptist's head, were sufficient to make us believe that we did not wish to hear the opera again; we had not found the music so transcendent as to compensate for the rest. But since then, by such poor help as the pianoforte score can afford—the full score is practically unobtainable except by conductors and specially favoured persons—we have come to know the music of "Salome" fairly well; and, after hearing the opera twice at Covent Garden, we must confess that our early impressions were wrong. The music is so great that all considerations about the story and the action—which are unpleasant enough even without the spectacle of the severed head—can be got over. Mme. Ackté pronounced her words with unusual distinctness, but people will find, if they try, that they need not listen to the words overmuch. If they concentrate their attention on the musical sounds of orchestra and voice, and fight against their inclination to scan too curiously the gruesome doings on the stage, carrying the "make-believe" which is a necessity for all operas a little further than usual, they may be thrilled by the music, without being too much distressed by the play, although, of course, this will be wild heresy to advocates of the "head and nothing but the head" policy, but we would prefer that audiences should sit

blindfolded at "Salome" rather than that they should not get to know the power of its music.

Strauss is known as a master of what is called "realism." As Herr Schattmann has said, he "possesses an exact knowledge of characteristic tone colours, down to the production of mere noises." It is against his occasionally fantastic use of this uncanny musical knowledge that the shafts of his detractors' satire has been chiefly directed. Now, in none of his works, not even in "Elektra," has this special gift of Strauss been more shiningly manifested. We are not concerned to defend every detail of his musical description, for some of it we hold to be unnecessary and to be regretted. There is a little of this in "Salome," but not enough to spoil the rest. The imaginative verses of Wilde receive a musical illustration, each in its turn, about which there is no mistake; and, what is of so much greater importance, the different scenes have each their character expressed with a truth of delineation that is almost magical. The "feeling" of the Eastern evening with its coming tragedy, the love and anxiety of Narraboth, the gloom of the Baptist's prison, the uplifting of its grille, the weak frenzy of Herod, the disputation of the Jews—could the "odium theologicum" be more aptly expressed in music?—all is perfectly suggested to the hearer. And what shall be said of the characterisation of the varying moods of Salome herself, but that these are so differentiated that we can perhaps go to Wagner alone to find anything like it. And what shall be said of the music of the Baptist, but that by its nobility and beauty it lifts us up from the earth to heaven?

But, admirable as is all this music in effecting its immediate purpose as operatic music of making more clear to us the emotions and the actions that pass on the stage, we claim that it does something more than this. It is something much higher than merely descriptive music. We may know what it describes, but we feel, as we listen, that we need not, must not, tie it down to the momentary word or mood. Its expression is not limited. It could express for us our own emotions as well as those of the personage in the play, as we know that the music of a great symphony or song has done. Here is to be found the secret of the real greatness of this music. Were Wilde and his drama to be forgotten to-morrow, the music, which we are tempted to think so fine that the mating of it with such a play—and surely the play is a very remarkable one, however much one may dislike it—is too unequal a marriage—not the marriage of a Cophetua with a beggar-maid, indeed, but the marriage of a noble knight with a beautiful courtesan—the music would live on as a thing of beauty, we believe, for ever.

The performance of "Salome" was worthy of much praise. That Mr. Beecham could do what he did with so difficult a score is what we would wish to dwell on rather than the fact that as yet he has not got it in the hollow of his hand, that he does not bring it out as the composer himself does, and that there were mistakes. We did not appreciate the Herod of Herr Kraus at the Berlin opera, and we could not find at Covent Garden that he made the Tetrarch otherwise than somewhat *bourgeois*, and much more silly than Wilde meant him to be. Mr. Whitehill, on the other hand, is a less impressive Baptist than was Herr Hoffmann. His voice told finely in the superb music, but he did not make the inward fire in the sentences to glow, and he was, generally, too formal. Mr. d'Oisly could hardly be bettered as Narraboth; the Jews and the Nazarenes were excellent; and, we leave the best to the last, Mme. Ackté was incomparably the finest Salome that we have seen or heard, both musically and dramatically, much more so to our mind than either Destinn or Fremstadt. The band, considering the circumstance of a first performance, did splendidly.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOI

BY A FORMER ST. PETERSBURG CORRESPONDENT.

DURING the severe winter of 1891-2, when a large portion of the Russian Empire was ravaged by famine, and the wretched and ignorant peasantry were dying like cattle from rinderpest, I happened to be staying with Count Tolstoi at Yasnaja Poljana, where he was busy writing that famous work, "The Kingdom of God Within us." At the same time he was engaged in organising soup-kitchens and free tables for the famine-stricken villagers, whose condition was truly terrible. His compassion was so great that he not only thought of his beloved moujiks—for whom he had a remarkable affection—but also for their "menske bratee" (lesser brethren), the starving horses. Free meals were organised for them also, with the result that many peasants in his district were able to keep their domestic animals all the winter and to begin farming operations in the spring.

Of late years the aged Count had been exceedingly tired and bored, not only with what he called "the luxury of his surroundings," which, in reality, was no luxury at all, but by the constant visits of crowds of sight-seers and admirers, who at times have almost driven the great and good old man to distraction. Like many other great men, Tolstoi had to pay the penalty of greatness, with the result that in his old age he desired a still more quiet retreat than Yasnaja Poljana.

Some of the members of his household could never wholly reconcile themselves to the idea that one of the most gifted men in Russia, a member of one of its most famous aristocratic families, should live and dress according to the ideals of the wretched peasantry, who, until comparatively recent times, were hardly considered human beings by the upper classes. It must indeed have been hard for the Countess, who, though a good woman, was somewhat worldly in her ideas, to agree that the profits of her husband's immense activity should go as a gift to the public; the more so since the Tolstois are a numerous family and none too wealthy. Count Tolstoi, however, who could himself dispense with the luxury and comfort which were necessities to the Countess, could not be brought to share his wife's ideas. While staying with him in 1892, I clearly perceived that, holding such views as he did, it was impossible for him to live wholly in accord with his family. In fact, he more than once told me that what he had written was not for the sake of money, but for the welfare of humanity, and that he was more anxious that his works should be read by the poor and ignorant millions than that he should earn money from the wealthier classes, who, prior to my visit, constituted his sole readers. He felt this so keenly that he begged me not only to introduce him to my paper, which was read by the masses, but to publish in it a circular letter stating that from henceforth all his works should become public property, and that anyone could print or translate them as desired.

This remarkable letter, the original of which I kept for many years in St. Petersburg, appeared as requested in the *Daily Chronicle*. The Count, who had no need to make money (for his tastes were simple in the extreme), after my visit actually attempted to carry out the injunction: "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor," to the great consternation of his more worldly-minded partner. She forthwith hastened to St. Petersburg and begged the Tsar Alexander II. to make her the trustee and guardian of the Count's property, for otherwise the whole family would be ruined. The Emperor, who secretly admired the "stiff-necked old heretic," but did not agree with him, gladly consented, and thus the Countess was

able to keep unimpaired and intact the ancestral estates of the Tolstois, who are descended from Rurik.

None, however, was so glad as the Count, for this decision of the Tsar relieved him of the responsibility of managing his worldly possessions, and allowed him more time to devote to philanthropic and literary work. Tolstoi's increasing fame and popularity not only brought him the attentions of his enemies, but also of his numerous friends and admirers; it was probably to escape from these that he began the flight into exile which ended so disastrously. "The Lord preserve me from my friends, and I will defend myself from my enemies!" he might well have exclaimed, for this well-known Italian proverb seems peculiarly applicable to him under the circumstances. To live the life of a simple moujik was no hardship for this hardy old man, and, in order to do this, he probably intended to retire from the world and from those few luxuries that he still allowed himself at Yasnaja Poljana—which were not many, as I am in a position to testify.

I shall never forget seeing Tolstoi cook his simple dinner on the dining-room table over a little spirit-lamp, or make coffee for me at the breakfast table, attentions which he thought it his duty to pay to his English guest. His own meals on those occasions were purely vegetarian. On the excellences of this mode of life he used to descant freely. Being a carnivorous Englishman, I was allowed the customary beef-steak, or some other animal food, which the Count assured me tended to awaken one's lower nature. Perhaps he was right; but we carnivorous bipeds, I suggested, cannot become herbivorous all at once. He assented to this opinion and did not advise a sudden transition from a flesh diet to that of the vegetarian, but a gradual change; he also assured me that since he lived on this principle he had not only become more healthy, but that his mind was much clearer. As regards cost, he said a vegetarian diet was much cheaper and that all he spent on his food was about 25 cop. (sixpence) per day, which I thought very reasonable, considering that he had been brought up in luxury and refinement.

The Countess, whom I met at their town house at Charmofnika, in Moscow, is a remarkable contrast to her husband, whom she sincerely loved, but could not follow. Although not of such noble birth as the Count, she has very aristocratic tastes, and has all a fashionable woman's partiality for the elegance of life—horses, carriages, footmen, works of art, fine furniture, silver, and other luxuries. To the Count all these things, since his conversion from what he designated his former "heathenism," were anathema.

Although somewhat of a Spartan, I really thought that Tolstoi went too far in his views on life and conduct, and told the young Countess Maria, who was her father in petticoats, that such was my opinion. Tolstoi probably heard of my remark, and in one of our numerous walks over the breezy hills of Yasnaja Poljana we had some interesting discussions on this subject. I expressed, as politely as possible, the conviction that he carried his opinions to extremes. With equal candour—for he is one of the frankest and kindest of men—he told me that people of moderate views were rarely of much use in the world.

When I mentioned that my ideal of an agriculturist was not a half-starved Russian moujik, but a well-fed English yeoman with a good coat on his back, a comfortable house, and plenty of good food on his table, the Count strongly disapproved of my views; he considered that most of these things were unnecessary luxuries, and that one did not require a comfortable house, good clothing, and tempting food; as for a good bed, that was a superfluity; a man could very well sleep on the floor if he liked.



We had also various arguments on the subject of resistance to evil, on which we differed; for I contended that only those nations which had resisted evil and fought for freedom, tooth and nail, were free, instancing the English, the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Americans, and the Belgians. As for the Slavs and some of the Latin races, who had not been animated with this spirit and love of liberty, many of them were far from free. Tolstoi, who had himself been a soldier in the Caucasus, and at Sevastopol, where he commanded a battery, deprecated violence, even in the interests of freedom and liberty, as being contrary to the teachings of Christ. I felt in his presence a veritable heathen. The more we argued the more I perceived that it was not the Count who was inconsistent and illogical, but myself. For, although nominally a Christian, I could not be induced to give up my heathen predilections and tastes. He was a consistent Christian, while I, either from infirmity of the flesh or from inherited instincts, could not bring myself to agree with the noble old man, who in his youth had been a far worse man than I was. There is so much in paganism which is beautiful that I found the Count, though a consistent Christian, extremely hard to copy in his grand and pure ideals.

After staying with him and his family for about ten days, I went to visit his son, who, like his father, was interested in saving the famine-stricken peasants from death by starvation. The pleasant time I spent with these two good men I shall never forget, and although I could never reach the height of virtue Tolstoi had obtained since he renounced what he termed "heathenism," I shall always, to my last day, have unbounded respect for the old Count and his son, for even if our opinions did not always coincide, men of such sincere convictions cannot but be venerated by those with whom they have come in personal contact.

W. BARNES STEYENI.

### "DIXHUIITS"

FROM the middle of November until the shortest day is past, the townsman, except for purposes of sport, is apt to leave the country, contiguous to the city in which he lives, severely alone. Along the outer fringe of London lie regions unexplored at any time by most Londoners. On the Surrey side one has but to march out a mile beyond the obviously beaten track and, at this season of the year, the woodland ways will be found utterly lonely and deserted. A few labourers opening a "grave" of roots or cutting a truss of hay out of a rick, a shepherd, nowadays often a Scotch Lowlander, a stray tramp, one more likely to be genuine than his fellows who frequent the copper-strewn roads nearer the City, these are almost all the human types to be met in a long day's ramble. The woods have their peculiar charm at every season, and at no two seasons is that charm alike. When the ruddy glory of the fading foliage of the beech trees is at its best it almost rivals that of the maples during the Indian summer of North America. The firs retain in winter their sombre green hue. Look along an avenue of elms and oaks, and every branch and spray is silhouetted against the grey skyline. There is a photographic exactness in tree outlines, a lightness and delicacy, which is wanting in the lusty days of summer, or when the tenderness of the "sweet o' the year" is all around. Nature is making up her accounts in the short, dark days, weeding out those unfitted to survive.

The death-rate among wild birds during a sharp "snap" is tremendous. Many counsellors tell us that modern methods, under which humanity such as they consider unfitted for the struggle of life is protected, are against Nature. We should let the weak go to the wall, they tell

us. If mankind were a troop of bravos and the world a gladiatorial ring, the Spartan method would be arguable. It would be a return to savagery, but then the savage frames his customs for the good of the tribe. So long as by a law divine the weak things of the world confound the mighty, so long will the struggle of bird and brute not be copied in civilised enactment. The ideas that shake the world and lift men to see the nobler side of all things have mostly not come to it from the perfected human animal. Transcending genius may be lodged in some "soul's dark cottage." Napoleon and Nelson would both have been weeded out of the ranks of the fighters if the world's coarse judgment, so interpreted, had prevailed. In the higher things of life, up to the highest, it is largely the so-called unfit who have saved mankind from itself and redeemed its creed from brutal ideals. To how many a man is a suffering woman the crown and glory of his hopes and fears?

Among the companions of the winter tramper none is more welcome than the common plover or lapwing, which our country folk call the "peewit" and French country folk "dixhuit." Their cry may be heard as they wheel over marsh-land or common, as far as may be from the haunts of men. That cry is a source of delight, as it shows that the birds are seeking a nesting-place for the coming year. We are apt to fancy, when we have coined a word, that a phenomenon is thereby explained. The migratory faculty in birds we label "instinct." If we could but for one brief hour live in the bird thought as they themselves live, the centre of gravity of our bird philosophy would be shifted for the rest of our days. We should then know their wails over fen and moor to be with reason and intent, as mate calls to mate. The peewit population of the world must amount to tens of millions, for this wild, shy bird inhabits the Old World from the Arctic circle to the tropics. It surely possesses something of the faculty of genius. It for ever shuns the borderland of the prosaic. Let a district become commonplace and the lapwing inconspicuously flies away from it. The "dixhuit" is a gentleman of the *ancien régime*. He does not stay to argue with a *parvenu*. He leaves him to his own devices, and waits himself off, uttering his wailing protest as he goes. The hardy and aggressive sparrow, the *gamin* among birds, contests every crust with mankind. His feathers are covered with the soot of human chimneys. He has become a mere parasite. No food comes amiss to him. His tricks and devices are infinite. The lapwing's motto is *noblesse oblige*. His habitat must be congenial. He will not stoop to concealing his nest. His lodging is on the cold ground. His very simplicity is a better protection than cunning, and the ordinary frequenter of the meadow or moor may walk over a clutch (generally four olive-coloured eggs, with dark brown blotches, deposited in a handful of grass bents) and fail to see it. It is hard work to preserve the nests of this delightful bird from marauders, since the gourmet will eat the eggs of three or four broods at a sitting. Any wild product that has high market value is tempting to the village urchin or the shepherd. Happily, the parent bird knows how to select spots which, by reason of inaccessibility or damp surroundings, are difficult to track.

Is there any faculty more engaging than that by which these birds seek to baffle the nest-robber? Every countryside wanderer has experienced the wild clamour and antics of the male bird, when disturbed, and watched how skilfully the female, by running through the grass, seeks to lead off the scene the tracker of their nest. It is done with all the art of a Puck or an Ariel, and the seeker is thus made to believe that the object of his search is far away from its actual locality. This habit of the bird is historic. It is said that the hiding-places of the Scottish Covenanters

were often traced by the screams and clamour of the lapwings, and that for that reason this bird is unpopular in Scotland to this day. On the other hand, the founder of the Tyrwhitt family of Lincolnshire was, in similar fashion, tracked when wounded in a skirmish, and his life saved. He added the peewit to the family coat of arms in consequence. In the old days the eggs were taken by scores of dozens from some favourite marsh, and the nests were tracked by trained dogs. So clever did the hunters become that they could tell, by the birds' notes, how many eggs were in a given nest. Wholesale robbery under these circumstances was surely an iniquitous fine art. The lapwing is one of the hardiest denizens of wild places. He is a companion of many a solitary rambler by moorland ways or marshy tracks. May his harsh wail, with its peevish, remonstrant note, never grow less insistent throughout our lonely places.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

A most interesting and instructive lecture was delivered in the hall of the above society by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, F.G.S., F.C.S., on Wednesday evening, December 7, Sir William H. White, K.C.B., LL.D., being in the chair. The lecturer took for his subject "The Panama Canal in 1910," and for over an hour held his audience in unbroken attention. He introduced his theme by stating briefly the history of the project, and referring to six years ago, when the American Government took over the unfinished works at the Isthmus, and arranged with this country that the canal, when completed, should be open to the ships of all nations. No cutting was possible on the sea-level, owing to the peculiar climate and topography of the district—the engineering of the Suez Canal, contrasted with this, presented few difficulties.

The Panama Canal, continued Dr. Cornish, was divided into three portions—the Atlantic, the Central, and the Pacific—and an elaborate system of locks was found necessary in order to enable the central portion of the canal to be set at an elevation of eighty-five feet above sea-level. The famous Gatun Dam was illustrated by views taken as recently as last July, which greatly assisted comprehension of its importance as a triumph of engineering skill.

The most fascinating portion of the lecture, however, was undoubtedly that in which Dr. Cornish gave an account of the Culebra Cut—a division of the canal which had to be sliced for eight miles through basalt rock. Readers of the lecturer's book, "The Panama Canal and its Makers," which we reviewed in these columns about eighteen months ago, will remember that the Culebra Cut is there termed "one of the wonders of the world," and, judging by the magnificent photographs thrown on the screen, it well deserves such a name; features of the landscape have been altered; rivers have been checked, immense hills cut down. One of the principal problems consisted in getting the excavated soil and rock away along so comparatively narrow a channel, and a glimpse of the energy and organisation of the workers is afforded by the statement that seventeen loaded trucks run from the Cut toward the Pacific, and a corresponding number toward the Atlantic, every three minutes all day long. At the present time the chief difficulty is the subsidence of the land adjacent to the cutting, and a very curious effect of this was illustrated: as the land sinks at the edge of the Cut, a mound of solid rock will occasionally rise from the bottom of the canal, forced up irresistibly by the pressure of the adjoining strata. How this formidable obstacle to progress will be dealt with is not yet certain, but the authorities are confident that by January 1, 1915, the great Canal will be open for the world's sea traffic.

Of the advantages resulting from this channel across the Isthmus the lecturer spoke at some length. It was originally projected with the idea of shortening the distance between Europe and India; but, as a matter of fact, it will lessen the distance between New York and ports on the Pacific coast of South America by an average of 5,000 miles. Many other interesting figures were given, and the suggestion was thrown out that in the future there may be some very entertaining contests over the routes from Australasia to England—the present route via the Suez Canal and the voyage via Panama.

Dr. Cornish referred to the work of Major Ronald Ross, whose lecture at the London Institution on "Malaria" we summarised recently, and gave details of the wonderful efficacy of the "mosquito brigade"—inspired and guided, of course, by science—in clearing the Isthmus of the scourge of fever; capital views of the screened dwelling houses were also shown.

The Chairman, in a neat speech, contributed several items complementary to the lecture, and a good discussion concluded the evening. The hall was full, and the applause showed unmistakably how thoroughly Dr. Cornish had set his subject before the audience.

### ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

At the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on Tuesday evening, Lieut.-General Sir Bevan Edwards, K.C.M.G., C.B., read a paper on "The Necessity for an Imperial Parliament," which was a really useful and well-considered contribution to the literature which has gathered round this interesting question. Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., took the chair at 8.30, and Sir Bevan Edwards began his address by quoting some apposite remarks made by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in that same room nearly fourteen years ago, bearing on the practical possibility of a federation of the British race.

One thing, said the speaker, stands out clearly before all others—that the Parliament of Great Britain is unable to cope with the mass of purely local affairs, even if it sits throughout the greater part of the year. How, then, can it carry out efficiently Imperial affairs such as the Government and defence of our great Empire? If the work of the British Parliament is to be lessened, why not hand over to an Imperial Parliament all those duties which are common to the whole Empire, and which now occupy so much time? Four large diagrams, shown on the walls, here were used to illustrate the position of the Empire with regard to government and population in 1850, 1880, 1910, and when an "Imperial Parliament" is restored. It may be asked, the lecturer remarked, What is the necessity for an Imperial Parliament? In the first place, it is required to complete the union of the Empire by giving the Dominions beyond the seas not only a voice in determining Imperial policy, but a real and effective share in the privileges and responsibilities of Empire. In the second place, it is required for the defence of the Empire, for diplomacy (including treaties and negotiations with foreign Governments), for Imperial trade and commerce, for the government of the dependencies and protectorates, for the migration of the peoples within the Empire (including the difficult question of the migration of our Asiatic subjects), and for all those other questions which are common to the whole Empire. The defence of the Empire cannot be carried out except by an Imperial Minister, selected for his knowledge of the subject, not liable to sudden removal, instead of being appointed, as he now is, by the accident of party politics which obliges a Prime Minister to appoint to the post a colleague who has no other claim than that of political service to his party, and who is subject at any time to removal from office.



After touching on the question of navies, and instancing the gradual advance of Germany as a sea-power, Sir Bevan Edwards proceeded to discuss the meteoric rise of Japan, and noted that these two nations will undoubtedly exercise a great influence over the future of the world. Neither can the United States be ignored; it is impossible that she can watch with indifference a war carried on to maintain the balance of power of the world. She would inevitably be drawn into the conflict and would join other Powers in their endeavour to preserve it, just as England did when the balance of power in Europe was threatened by Napoleon. She would then be in alliance with the British Empire, and would have to stand or fall with it. Considering the extent of her population, her vast resources, and her interests in the preservation of peace, she might well build a fleet so strong that, in alliance with Great Britain, it would make naval wars impossible.

"There is one point which must never be lost sight of. It is this: not one of the Overseas Dominions—neither Canada, nor Australia, nor New Zealand, nor the South African Union—can, for many years to come, carry out their great ideals of becoming independent nations except under the protection of the fleets and armies of the British Empire."

The difficulties of diplomacy under the present system were also mentioned; foreign policy and treaties and negotiations with foreign countries should be the work of the Foreign Minister of an Imperial Parliament, in which every Dominion of the Empire would be represented. How is it possible for a Foreign Minister to carry out his duties effectively unless he can rely upon the support of the United Empire to back him up in any action he may consider necessary? A Parliament whose time is taken up in local and party affairs cannot be expected to give time and attention to Imperial affairs. This can only be done by an Imperial Minister working in an Imperial Parliament.

As to emigration, the lecturer expressed the opinion—perhaps too emphatically—that the British Government dare not encourage emigration to the Overseas Dominions; "if it did so it would become at once a party question and would be used to damage the party that attempted it." The best point, perhaps, was made on the question of the frittering away of valuable time on local affairs by our own too-busy Houses. "No one can deny that the Mother of Parliaments is overweighted with the business it attempts to carry out, and that sooner or later something must be done to remedy this growing evil. The people of Great Britain and Ireland certainly would not suffer, because not only would they have their own local affairs dealt with more effectively, but—a matter of even greater importance—the Imperial business would be undertaken by a Parliament composed of the best and greatest men chosen from the whole of the Empire, men who would not be under the influence of party politics." It must be realised that an Imperial Parliament means not merely the closer constitutional union of Great Britain and the States of Greater Britain, but also the union of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, each with each, and not the whole of them collectively with the Mother Country.

In conclusion, Sir Bevan Edwards alluded to the coming meeting in London next year of those who are most deeply concerned in this matter, and advocated strongly the discussion of closer Constitutional union. A most interesting speech was made by Sir Frederick Young, who opened the debate, and it was impossible to doubt that much good must follow such a critical paper from one whose experience in various parts of the British Empire has enabled him to gather such important data on the ever-recurring subject of the Federation of our Colonies with the Mother Country.

## EXHIBITIONS

### RAEBURN'S PORTRAITS AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.

The exhibition now being held at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, should be visited by all who are interested in the eighteenth century portrait painter, as it affords a unique opportunity for the study of one of the great masters of the British school. The exhibition includes twenty-nine of Sir Henry Raeburn's portraits, and it is, we believe, the first time that such a collection has been brought together in London.

Amid the too uniform softness and elegance of the women of eighteenth century portraiture, Raeburn's paintings of women stand out bravely in their expression of character. Apart from the first interest of the faces, the attitudes alone of "Mrs. Douglas," "Mrs. Anderson," and "Mrs. Alexander McCrae," painted with her two children, are distinctive and unconventional. Without any superficial detail, with firm handling, broad lights and shadows, the dresses and draperies—"Mrs. Vere's" brown cloak is an example—touched in with a few deft strokes, Raeburn painted women as Jane Austen once pleaded—as women rather than as elegant females. That he could, notwithstanding, be supremely graceful and elegant, and in feeling for line was second to none of his contemporaries is shown by the beautiful "Lady Belhaven" in this exhibition. That he could also paint sprightly children is proved by the little "Lady Jane Nisbet." But Raeburn was a great painter, because he expressed so much more than the physical beauty, or—as in the portrait of "George Joseph Bell"—the physical plainness of his sitters. If the most wonderful and memorable thing in the gallery is the portrait of a man it is not because Raeburn was too rugged and masculine to paint women perfectly, but rather that, when he was painting them, he was not rugged and masculine enough. He seems to have been afraid sometimes of carrying his own clear insight and feeling, and the broad treatment with which he expressed them, too far to please contemporary taste, and so he rounded and smoothed in conformity with the prevailing ideal. When painting men he was not faced with this consideration. Men need be neither graceful nor handsome; and so the picture to which one returns and which one remembers with reverence as one of the great English portraits is of a man in middle age. Whom it represents—it is Dr. Johnstone, the originator of the method of teaching the blind to read—is of little consequence, for there is in it that indescribable quality which makes it a great work of art, while the firmness and decision of the brushwork, with the lines of the canvas showing through the paint, prove, in spite of the existence of much inferior work, that Raeburn was a great painter as well as a great artist.

## THE MAGAZINES

THE best of the magazines this month is undoubtedly *The English Review*. The poetry is much better than usual. Thomas Hardy has a poignant little poem called "The Torn Letter." Its sadness is free from bitterness, and therefore full of more beauty than resides in most of his poetry. Its form, too, seems less adventitious. After a somewhat strange period of silence, Joseph Conrad gives us the first instalment of his new novel, "Under Western Eyes." That is enough to draw distinction to any magazine. The present instalment barely sets out the action, but enough has been

given to show all Mr. Conrad's characteristic methods of thought and expression. The subtlety is there, and the strength, to say nothing of the coloured atmosphere he throws between us and his creations. He has sat his scene of action in Russia, and makes full use of local colour. It was with mingled pleasure and surprise that we saw Francis Grierson's name in the table of contents. His work has not yet received that attention it deserves, and we must hope that his article, "Art, Science, and Beauty," will introduce him to a larger public. His style is quiet and unobtrusive, with a stern regard for fame, and this essay has all his characteristic faults and failures.

In the same magazine Mr. Lewis Hind treats of "The New Impressionism," and deftly avoids critical issues. Here was a manifest opportunity to advance us in an admittedly difficult subject; but, unfortunately, Mr. Hind is more anxious to be witty than to be illuminative. At the conclusion of his article one certainly knows how he came to be introduced to the work of the "Post-Impressionists," in Berlin, Amsterdam, and Paris, but one is in no way advanced as to the actual problem they raise.

It is curious to turn from this to the *Contemporary Review* and read Holman Hunt's account of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, that other school of revolutionaries whose doctrines met such contumely. It is yet more curious to think that the two movements were almost contemporary, despite the fact that the present exhibition at the Grafton Galleries seems such a novelty. Incidentally, too, we get some admirable pictures of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. Upton Sinclair continues the subject of fasting as a health cure in an article entitled, sardonically, "The Humours of Fasting." It is a sequel to his article on the same subject about six months ago, and contains a reply to some of his critics. Count S. C. de Soissons writes on Anatole France. His style is delicate, almost at times telegraphic; but by its means he brings before us a very effective portrait of the great French littérateur.

Mr. E. Wake Cook treats of "Anarchism in Literature: The Pest of Paradox," which is, in effect, a tilt at Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw cannot complain if he is beginning to receive that wholesale condemnation which he has so freely dealt out to others. But Mr. Cook's attack is not made any stronger by the fact that it is bitter, and not a little jaundiced.

There is nothing scintillating in the *Nineteenth Century*, but there is much solid workmanship. Prince Kropotkin concludes his article, "The Response of the Animals to Their Environment." We presume these articles will make a sequel to his book, "Mutual Aid." They are worthy of considerable attention, dealing, as they do, with a much neglected part of the biological field. Emily Hickley handles the subject of "Browning Biography," this being, in fact, a lengthy review of Professor Hall Griffin's late book. It is an excellent piece of work. Mrs. Ball deals with the poignant subject, "The Creed of our Children," but does not seem to advance either herself or us much. Miss Anna Martin's "The Married Working Woman: A Study," is an article that should be carefully read and pondered.

In *Blackwood's* the indefatigable Mr. Noyes begins a new long poem called "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." The subject is beginning, perhaps, to be rather a "chestnut," which does not mean an auspicious beginning. Moreover, this instalment deals with Black Bill's honeymoon, and largely upcalls Mr. Noyes' earlier "Drake" in manner, despite the fact that the story is in stanzas. All his facility is here, and much of his rare felicity of phrase appears, too, in counteraction. An anonymous "My Subliminal Self" is well told.

Professor McGiffert has an admirable instalment in the *Century Magazine* on "Martin Luther and His Work." "Devout and zealous monk as he was, he was always more a man than a monk," he says, and therein strikes the centre-note of rugged, honest Martin. Professor Brander Matthews treats of "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame." In the *Book Monthly* is a deeply interesting piece of literary history; no less, indeed, than Alexander Macmillan's review of Thomas Hardy's first and unpublished novel entitled, "The Poor Man and the Lady." It was first offered to Macmillan's; hence this criticism. Later, we believe, George Meredith recommended its acceptance for Chapman and Hall, but Hardy decided not to let it see the light. Therefore this review the more whets our curiosity. The *Bookman*, in its Christmas Number, gives full measure, pressed down and running over indeed, for the money it asks. It is unquotable, being varied, but it is munificent.

## OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is absurd to talk about business in times like these. One is living upon the brink of uncertainty, and confidence is sadly wanting. Who can we trust in these days? We are, indeed, in the midst of turbulent times, but we must be alert.

Business has really come to a standstill. It is a case of "Wait and see." No one seriously cares to venture one way or the other. General Elections are rarely good for trade, and this one is the worst we have had for many years—worse because it is quite useless, and will have to be repeated within a few months.

The Bank Rate has not been changed. We, as a rule, look for dear money at the end of the year, but this, I think, will be an exception. Money is really abundant, because no one quite knows what to do with it.

There are many mediums for its use, but the investor hesitates; the outlook is to his mind cloudy; until we get fair weather financially, he is rightly timid. To those seeking a sound investment I would suggest any of the following stocks as being likely to show a profit within, shall we say, the next twelve months:—Aitchison Four per Cent. Convertible bonds, Grand Trunk Second Preference Five per Cent., Buenos Ayres Rosario Seven per Cent. Ordinary, Johannesburg City Four per Cent. Loan, North British Three per Cent. Preferred Ordinary, Buenos Ayres Grand National Tramways Five per Cent. Debentures, Entre Rios Four per Cent. Debentures, Rand Water Four per Cent. Inscribed stock, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Debentures, Hall's Oxford Brewery Four per Cent. Debentures, Government and General Investment Four per Cent. Debentures, Trust Union Four and a Half per Cent. £10 Cumulative Pref.

I make this selection because I happen to know something about them. There are, of course, many equally sound investments, and I should be only too glad at any time to give my advice to any of your correspondents who should wish for it.

The very able letter, published last week in the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, from the pen of Mr. Egmont Hake, has aroused great interest on the subject of Banking Reform, a question to which the writer has devoted so much thought and study. It is a subject which undoubtedly demands the very serious attention of all thinking commercial men. The need for reform in this direction is very great, and to those who take any interest in this subject I would like to refer them to Mr. Hake's book on "Free Trade in Capital." There is no reasonable doubt that under the present conditions our banks do not offer fair terms to traders, and Mr. Henry Meulin's reply to Mr. Hake's letter on this subject should be read by everyone interested in this most important subject. It appeared in the *Evening Standard* of the 13th instant.



The fortnightly account, which we have just got through, was not one that gave much encouragement to the investor. The results of the elections were not a cheerful feature, so far as the Stock Exchange was concerned. Then we have always to face a want of business before Christmas, which, though termed a festive season, is not so festive as one thinks. Look at your pass book if you doubt me!

The labour trouble has been in the thoughts of those interested in Home Railways, but the making-up prices in this account show a profit to the "Bulls" in many cases. For instance, North British Deferred, to which I drew attention some weeks back, North-Eastern, and Metropolitan Districts have all shown a profit of from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . The Foreign market has been an exceptionally good feature, and rises in Colombians, Greek issues, and Portuguese were noticeable.

Mining shares have not been favoured during the account, but an exception was made in the case of Modders on the declaration of a dividend of 8s. per share, against 6s. last year. Golden Horseshoes have had a severe fall, whilst Anglo A's have been heavily supported. There seems to be some sort of a conspiracy with regard to the Mexican Mines of El Oro, and the true position is difficult to follow unless one has an intimate knowledge of the mines, which I must admit I have not; but I know that it is one of the best mines in the world, and if I held the shares they would not cause me a moment's anxiety. Globe and Phoenix is another mine whose shares I should hold. The recent issue of the Rosario and Western Railway Company, Limited, has led to a lot of controversy, owing to the official statement that the concession mentioned in the prospectus had not been officially granted. The directors will no doubt make a statement on the subject. Meanwhile, I take it investors will look on.

American Rails seem to be in the throes of a "bear" raid. Many excuses are being made for the present position. If the big houses really want to get them down to obtain cheap stock, they will sooner or later talk about a Japanese war, which would really be a very silly thing for the Americans to take on.

If I personally held American Railway shares, I should retain them, especially Unions and Steel Commons, and I might add Rock Islands and Chesapeake.

I am told by a very reliable mining expert to keep my eye upon Western Australia. He states that great developments are possible in the new goldfields just opened. Now that Wernher, Beit and Co. have shown a desire to get out of the Kafir market, it makes one think that they have had enough, and that other South African firms may follow their lead. They have all doubtless made their pile, and are content to leave the market to look after itself. It was ever thus, and cannot help but depress the Kafir market. We are still all hoping for a move in Rhodesians, but our small stock of patience is getting very weary. They tell us "Quench not hope," so we must hope on.

Cement shares have been a feature of the Miscellaneous market, the Ordinary shares showing a rise of £1, and the Preference 10s. Hudson Bays, so often mentioned by me, have actually risen  $\frac{1}{4}$  during the account, but Argentine Southern Lands were 15s. lower on a disappointing dividend. Argentina has suffered lately from drought and poor crops. The dividend on Southern Lands was only 5 per cent., as compared with 10 per cent. the previous year.

Diamond shares showed strength, and the North Kimberley Mines were supported at 12s. Good accounts were to hand of the Gwalia Proprietary. A cable stated that in the "Eastern portion the quartz from the drive was very rich," and contains visible gold. A cable is daily expected from the Carmen Mines of El Oro, which may give news of an important strike.—Yours faithfully, FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

"BAAL, BEAL, AND BEL."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—These names, written thus in a row, stand before us with the look of old familiar faces. Yet after all the attention that they have received from generations of folklorists, etymologists and historians, the desire for something final as to their meaning seems still present. The contribution to the subject that I should like to add is with reference to the letter of your correspondent "E. A. V." which he sent to THE ACADEMY for August 27, and particularly to that part of his letter where he alluded to "Beltane, the name of the ancient

festival." Beltane is truly, as he shows, a term of religious import; it is one designating a fire-worshipping festival that was in high observance among people in the early British Isles.

Looking broadly at our insular pagan ancestors—at their material surroundings, their religious biases, and their social habits, the particular circumstance that is denoted by the term Beltane, so far as a study of common nouns and proper names can give us any light, is connected not with religious ceremonies, but with athletic sports.

The method of dealing with the term Beltane here will be chiefly the linguistic. If Beltane be written as Bel-tane (there are sufficient reasons for not writing it as Belt-ane), there will then stand out the element *tane*, a something that will call up as phonetic congeners with it such words as the Irish *teine* and the Cymric *tan*, both of which mean "fire." This explanation seems a reasonable one, and is the one accepted by intelligent lay enquirers. Yet a certain learned few, in a tone of derision, have regarded it as an instance of folk-etymology, without, however, showing any ability to offer something of their own worthy to take its place. For the present the popular view of fire being the elemental fact about Beltane will be adhered to, as it supplies a good working hypothesis.

As for *Bel*, it is the element in the term that will be here relied upon for supplying the key with which to unlock the entrance into the old British sports ground. As a possible derivation for it, there will be considered the simple term *buil*; this is a North British, and probably a Celtic, word; to be found mainly in Old Scots records and speech, and bearing the meanings "festival," "play," "amusement." It is not a lonely unaffiliated word: it has congeners in sound and sense in other languages. In English it has its representatives in *ball*, an entertainment accompanied by song, a dance; in *ballad* the festival song that was recited at festal gatherings on Saints' days, the latter element in *ballad* being a representative of the German *lied*, the Norse *liodh*, and the English *lay*; in *bowls* and in *ball*, the things that people play with; in *billiards* and in the word *play* itself; in *fool* the one-time court jester; in *well* the synonym for a spring of water, the spot of most especial resort with primitive folk, whether ancient or modern, when out for a day holidaying, whether merrily or solemnly. The dissimilar appearance of the words *buil*, *fool*, and *well* is superficial only; if the assumption made here that they are related be correct they can all be taken as words of Celtic origin, and the diversity of their initial consonants *b*—, *f*—, *w*—, can, by means of the Celtic linguistic laws, be explained as merely variants of the labial *b*.

Words in other languages re-echoing *buil* and *ball* in the sense of throwing and hurling are the Greek word *βάλλω* "I throw"; the Cymric words *pel*, "a ball," *gwyll*, "a holiday," and *gwydd-buill*, "a wood-ball"; the Breton *peulvan*, "the pillarstone," round which the Breton peasants keep holiday; the term *Belech*, which is now applied to the parish curé in Brittany, formerly meant a druid, and thus connects him with Christian as well as with pagan religious festivals. Sport and religion went together in the Vale of Teifi, in Mid-Cardiganshire, about a century ago, when it was a regular event in the sporting calendar for the "wilde hedges," "the ground capitaines of mischief," "the lordes of misserule," of two adjoining parishes to play a terrific football match, the ball being kicked off from the church-porch of one parish while the goal aimed at was the church-porch of the other, six miles away.

An interesting English word that could be added to the list is *bull-dog*, the name of the sporting dog of the British race; he was their play dog, par excellence. His name bears no relation to the word *bully* which resembles it, the latter being but the English for the Irish word *builleach*, "a striker." Our *bulldog* means simply *playdog*; he shares his name with the bull rines that were, in certain Midland and West of England towns, the arenas where he was trotted out to give exhibitions of certain points of character that are particularly embodied in him, those points being the same which form the pith of the character of his fellow-islanders. In the bull rings were exhibited also the mysteries or religious plays as well as the more exciting though barbarous muscular pastimes. At Kilkenny, Ireland, these were under the special control of the municipal authorities, the chief constable being styled the "Lord of the Bull Ring," which title was perpetuated for the Mayor by the charter of James I. in 1604.

After so much in this particular vein, inevitably, as by a kind of attraction, there crowds forward to be included within the list the national name *John Bull*, accompanied by other Johns, like John Doe, John Ball, John Chinaman, John Company, Shane O'Neill, and Shan Van Vocht. The term *John* in these instances is, doubtless, the Irish *seann*, pronounced shane or shone, and meaning "old." John Doe,

prominent in law text-books, may be a phonetic representative of the Irish words *seann dtuatha*, "the old folk," "the old generation," meaning those parties to a law-suit in mediæval England who sought to have their claims adjudged in accordance with the ancient local customs of the country. The phrase John Bull, as describing the typical Englishman, if taken as Irish, in the same way, and put back into some Irish form like *Seann Buil*, could be explained as a phrase describing that lover of fair play as "Old Sport." Dr. Arbuthnot, who is credited with being the first to use the phrase "John Bull," lived at the time when athletics derived a great impetus from the action of the later Stuart kings in authorising the "Book of Sports" of James I. to be read on Sunday. During the intimacy which Arbuthnot must have had with the vernacular of the English, in which many catches and choruses surviving from old Gaelic and Welsh were doubtless imbedded, a phrase sounding something like *seann buil* must have struck his ear with suggestive frequency.

Summarising what has been said concerning *buil* and *teine*, one may confidently declare one's adhesion to the old definition of Beltane which explained it as a fire-festival. Yet a festival that was the reflection, a pale one, indeed, of an older fire religion, that had, for ages, been on the wane, with the savage abhorrent fury of its early ritual well-nigh burnt out; a religion which, having dropped its custom of driving cattle through fires, of waving infants over flames, and bringing heretics to the stake and faggot, had made way for one which drew all to be its votaries, leaving them to burn bonfires on hilltops in honour of national successes and to find outlet for exuberant animal spirits in abundant variety of play.

The kinship of the things implied by the term *buil* with what was associated with the allied terms, "Baal" and "Bel," which belonged to the fire-worship of the old Canaanites, Chaldeans, and Persians, and with what our own British traditions and survivals tell us of "Druidical gods," and such like, will not be discussed here.

What follows will be concerning *buil*, "play," as an element in the composition of names of places. The word, under the various disguises that, as a Celtic word, it can take, will be sought for in those proper names where the other words, also Celtic, that have combined with it, will mean "field," "stone," "mound," or "barrow."

Names compounded of *buil* with *ca*, "a field," are Gabalfa, near Llandaff; Capeli, the name of a playfield at the junction of the three counties of Pembroke, Cardigan, and Carmarthen. This field, said legend, was haunted, so that if cattle were turned into it for grazing or ploughing, black clouds would gather and thunder overhead. Possibly tradition was thus speaking of the clouds of spectators that witnessed the play and the thunders of applause that hailed the victors; or, perhaps, it spoke of the storm of indignation raised by the athletes of the county-side at some decision of the authorities to bring the field under pasturage and cultivation. The mediæval word *capella*, "a chapel," may have been derived from such a place, a playground, where the multitude gathered in throngs, having a special attraction for the Christian missionaries when searching for proselytes. *Buil* and *camp*, "a field," will doubtless account for some place names, such as Balcombe, near Hayward's Heath; Belchamp St. Paul, Norfolk; Campbell, where the elements, however, are in inverse order; Beauchamp, where the "l" has been dropped by a common usage; Belsham, Suffolk; Balham, South London; the numerous Plum-names, such as Plumstead, where the Plum is a telescoped form of playcamp; Mæsyplwm, Denbighshire. Names of like meaning are those formed of *buil* with *agh*, "a field"; such as Belaugh, Norwich; the numerous Black-names, like Blackheath; and certain names in Wales and Cornwall like Llanfilo, Llanfælog, and Phillack. *Buil* with *magh*, also "a field," will account for Machpelah, the field Abraham bought of the Hittite to erect a mausoleum; for Maesbeli, where, according to Geoffrey, of Monmouth, Hengist was defeated by Ambrosius; and for names of a similar meaning but with the elements in the inverted order, such as Beamish and Beauvais, which is modern French for the Gaulish tribal name Bellovacii known to Julius Caesar. *Buil*, again with *pré* and *pratun*, French and Latin words for "meadow," explains Beaupré, Llanddewi, Felfre, Pwllwepre, and Bilbro, near Abermule. Finally come the last names formed of *buil* in combination with *field*, as Belsfield, near Guildford; Guilsfield, near Welshpool; Ployfield, near Holne, Devon, where annually, amidst primitive and barbarous ceremonies, the election of a mock mayor takes place; and Ploy Park, Chudleigh, where is a pleasant field adjoining the church.

Next come names formed of *buil* in combination with words meaning "stone." With the Cymric *maen*, "a stone," it explains Bulphan, near Romford; Pulman, Pwllfein Talgareg,

Cardiganshire; Bullivant; Beaminster, Dorset; the Breton word *peulvan*, "a pillar stone"; Talebolion, a Hundred in Anglesea; Cwrty plyfyn, near Llanfilo. With *stone*, it accounts for Bulstan, near Foxdale, in Derbyshire, where are a prehistoric burial place, cromlechs, and old stones which extend across the hills; Bilston; Boulstone with Bullingham, near Ross. *Buil* forms, with *cat*, "a stone," a few names, as Bolgold and Walcot. A curious point coming in here is the phrase, *bell the cat*. When James III. of Scotland would make earls of stonemasons, the Scotch peers sought audience of him to protest. In the King's presence and that of the masons' feeling ran high when a peer called out: "Who will *bell the cat*?"—meaning, Who will "throw a stone"? "That will I," answered Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, whence that phrase stuck to him as a sobriquet. Next, *buil* with *beorh*, "a mound," "a grave," may explain Belper; Polperro, in Cornwall; Belbar, near Hatfield; Bullibar, Castle Martin; Wilbur, Wilbraham, and other names like them. Bulbarrow, Dorset, in the district of Nettlecombe Foot, was the scene of a contest between two giants as to which could throw the greatest weight the farthest; two large boulders in the valley beneath used to be shown as the result of the trial; and a barrow as the grave of the unsuccessful giant. At Bulbarrow, 'twas said, the worship of Baal was celebrated, and fires at midsummer on St. John's Eve were lit, almost within present memory. *Buil*, with *mont*, "a mound," gives Belmont, Beaumont. With *hill*, it explains Boley Hill, Rochester; Bailey Hill, Mold; and Bully Hill, near Kirmond, noted for its tumulus. With *dun*, it is in evidence in Bolton, Baldwin, Trefaldwyn, the Welsh name of Montgomery. The mound that is near the town of Bala in North Wales known as Tomen y Bala may bring the name Bala under this term *buil*, and explain the mound as a playmound. Hard by is The Green, a term connected, perhaps, with the Irish *grian*, "a fair," "a meadow"; a name for Bala Lake is Pimblemere.—Yours faithfully,

Brisbane, Queensland,  
October 23, 1910.

DAVID OWEN.

#### "POE AND OTHER POETS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the letter from Mr. Johannes Andersen in your issue of November 19, as it has answered a question I have been asking myself for some time—namely, which of the two poems, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" or "The Raven," was written first. I should now, on my part, if you think it would prove of sufficient interest, like to call attention to yet another debt Mr. Poe might be considered to owe to Mrs. Browning—namely, one of the most beautiful lines in "The Raven." In the first line of the third stanza of that poem are the words:

"And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain."

The first line of the fourth stanza, in the conclusion to "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," reads:

"With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain."

It would seem that Mr. Poe, in accusing Mrs. Browning—then Miss Barrett—in the poem just quoted, of a "palpable imitation" of "Locksley Hall," ought surely to have been a little more careful in "The Raven" not to have followed so closely in her footsteps.—Yours very truly,

ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON.

4231, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna., U.S.A.

November 27, 1910.

#### "THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HEREDITY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Dr. Herbert raises two important points on my review of his book that, I think, should be dealt with. On the question of terminology, in evading my point, he concedes me my criticism. He says that "the ordinary connotation of words is not distinct enough for scientific purposes." But I was not speaking of "ordinary" usage, I was speaking of literary usage. I imagine he would not say that literary English failed in precision. That would be a strange charge, I think, at this time of day. In choosing a scientific *lingua franca* scientists are burking the intellectual labour of lucid exposition. Incidentally, they are also making themselves as remote from the thoughts of men of culture as Middle-English jurisprudence.

I am glad to see his assertion that Eugenics, far from emphasising physical fitness, "lays as much, if not greater, weight on mental and moral fitness." Unhappily, Eugenists have not laid much emphasis on this hitherto.—Yours, etc.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.



## "THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I appeal to your well-known love of justice and fair play for a little space in your columns in defence of "The Post-Impressionists"?

Two artists whose works figure largely at the Grafton Gallery are not mentioned by name in your critic's article, and I therefore presume they are included in his remark about "crude and intolerable outrages," more especially that several other names are singled out more or less for commendation. The two are Van Gogh and Gauguin. The works of both are of serious intent, not created, as are some of the latest Post-Impressionisms, merely "to flabbergast the inhabitants of villa-dom." M. Rodin regarded Van Gogh as a great artist. I believe the latter's portrait of Père Tanguy still hangs in M. Rodin's house.

Meier-Graefe, in his "Modern Art" (Heinemann), pp. 202-212, says of Van Gogh:—

"His picture has always a richness no textile could approach even if woven of gold and precious stones, and this richness is so organic that it affects us like Nature itself . . . His treatment of the coloured surface is calculated to deepen the teaching of the Japanese, so fruitful at present . . . he achieves a splendour of effect beyond anything ever yet achieved by easel pictures."

To many accomplished artists now in London I feel sure that Gauguin's drawing must appear about as good as drawing can well be.

THE ACADEMY critique is mild compared with some that have appeared.

I notice among these other criticisms a storm of virulent abuse and hysterical indignation, but it all has a somewhat hollow sound:—

"ΟΙ ΑΥΤΟΙ ΝΕΠΙ ΤΩΝ ΑΥΤΩΝ ΡΟΙΣ ΑΥΤΟΙΣ ΤΑ ΑΥΤΑ."

The best men of the so-called Post-Impressionist school are ardently seeking in Nature for those magical essences which permeated the great painters of bygone times; the nature-gods who dowered them with those kingly qualities which have exacted the homage of the centuries. They wish to see for themselves, and not vicariously, whether those gods be yet alive, and whether they themselves may be found worthy of a touch from the live coal from the altar. Their cry is not, "Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priests' offices, that I may eat a piece of bread," but rather, "Let us seek first the Kingdom of God, caring little whether other things be added unto us or not."

Many of us think that Van Gogh and Gauguin have, indeed, received a message, we look upon their work as genuinely inspired, and we have arrived at this conclusion after many years of loving study of and sympathy with that which we believe to be a vital force in painting.

The subject is a subtle one, and the best men of the day seem chary of being drawn into a controversy which as yet seems hardly to have been taken seriously; much of the criticism appearing in the daily papers has been of the same quality as the music one might expect to hear from the gentleman who had never played on the violin but would like to try.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

CALEB PORTER.

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